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AMERICA.

THE end of the American Enlistment discussion is neither ruinous nor disgraceful, but it is undeniably mortifying. It is always difficult to come out of a quarrel satisfactorily, unless the merits are all on one side. An ample apology for an admitted wrong may be not ungracefully tendered, and an injured party may with dignity either accept the atonement which is offered, or waive his right to redress; but, unfortunately, few disputes between individuals or States allow of so simple a solution. The more quarrelsome party may often have, in the first instance, a just ground of complaint, and it is difficult to acknowledge an error when it has led to an offensive mode of retaliation. The English Cabinet never intended to injure or slight the United States; but the American Government ostentatiously took advantage of a casual opportunity to offer repeated affronts to England, and Lord CLARENDON's hands are tied in consequence of the original mistake committed by Mr. CRAMPTON, and adopted by himself. The laws of the Union have, to a certain extent, been violated; and the PRESIDENT has only availed himself, although to the utmost of his technical right, to resent the unintentional oversight. Once upon a time, a man took a short cut across his neighbour's field, and the next morning was served with a summons for a trespass. He answered that, to the best of his belief, he had kept to the footpath, but that if he had straggled to the right or left, he regretted the occurrence, and would take better care in future. The owner accepted his disavowal and apology, but, on pain of prosecution of the summons, required five shillings as compensation for the damage. The trespasser paid the money, and on consideration determined not even to drop the acquaintance of his litigious neighbour; and he judged wisely, for a wrong-doer, to however small an amount, ought to abide by the consequences of his acts. Bad temper and bad breeding are not in themselves legitimate grounds for retaliation.

The American Government is so completely triumphant in the eyes of the world that it may dispense with the credit of consistency in its proceedings. Mr. MARCY justly thought that Lord CLARENDON, in adopting the acts of his representatives, had converted the discussion from a personal controversy into a national question; and, as a satisfaction for the alleged wrong inflicted by England, the American SECRETARY OF STATE demanded the recall of the Minister and of the three Consuls. The refusal of the British Government was accompanied by an explanation which the PRESIDENT has formally accepted as satisfactory; and it follows in reason, though not in American practice, that the disappearance of the offence puts an end to the claim for redress. An apology in lieu of damages is an ordinary transaction; but, in this instance, the complainant has insisted on both kinds of satisfaction. The pretence that Mr. CRAMPTON is personally unacceptable is an after thought. His conduct was covered by Lord CLARENDON's explanation, and the dismissal of our Minister is virtually an act of resentment directed against his principals. The concession made by the English Government in continuing diplomatic relations with the United States, is justifiable, because, on the whole, it is prudent; but there is a danger that American politicians may be encouraged to presume in future on a yet greater degree of pliability on the part of this country, in which case they will certainly be disappointed. The phrase which is passing from Oriental novels and travels into vernacular use, correctly expresses the universal feeling. All Englishmen consider that they have "eaten dirt," and they will not be found disposed to repeat the operation. For the moment, the American press is less hostile than usual, in the consciousness of having had the best of the quarrel; but an overbearing character is seldom conciliated by submission. Mr. CUSHING's insolence, and the disgraceful farce of the

mock trials at Philadelphia, have been crowned with impunity and success; and it is not likely that experiments so easy and so profitable will fail to be repeated.

The rumour that the PRESIDENT was disposed to compensate for his rudeness in the enlistment question by displaying a conciliatory spirit with respect to Central America, appears to have little foundation. Mr. MARCY's despatch amounts, in substance, to an intimation that, in consideration of having enforced the demands of his Government for the removal of Mr. CRAMPTON, he will consent to receive full satisfaction for his Central American claims. Having been at last forced to acknowledge our proposal of arbitration, which had been suppressed in the PRESIDENT's message to the Senate, the SECRETARY OF STATE reluctantly consents to a contingent reference of a minor issue in the dispute. As it seems inconsistent with American superiority to allow a foreigner the initiative of any proposal, it is gratuitously suggested that the referee should be a man of science rather than an impartial Government. The facetious Mr. BUCHANAN "jocularly" objected to Lord CLARENDON's original proposal, that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, then at war with England, was the only possible arbitrator; whilst Mr. MARCY, admitting that any European sovereign would give an impartial decision, protests—perhaps like his late envoy, in a jocular spirit—against the hardship of imposing new labours on potentates who have already enough to do in the management of their own dominions. Neither Lord CLARENDON's proposal nor Mr. MARCY's qualified acceptance can, however, involve any scientific question. The whole matter in dispute relates to the construction of a treaty, and to the definition of its subject-matter; and precedent and common sense point to the selection of a sovereign arbitrator. The inquiry will in practice, of course, be delegated to statesmen, who can secure scientific assistance when it is required.

Unless Mr. DALLAS is authorized to deviate from the ostensible instructions of his Government, it, no serious result can be expected from the renewed negotiation. Except under the treaty of 1850, the United States have no right to question the QUEEN's title to any of her dominions. Neither the Mosquito coast nor Ruatan belong to the Union, and it is quite unnecessary to discuss with the PRESIDENT and his Cabinet the rights of Nicaragua or Honduras. The BULWER-CLAYTON Convention prohibited our occupation of territory in Central America, with the exception of Belize and its dependencies—it being distinctly understood that the Mosquito Protectorate remained unaffected by the treaty, except that England renounced the right of using it as a cover to the exercise of actual sovereignty. An arbitrator has only to inquire whether the Protectorate is actually administered inconsistently with the treaty—whether the Bay Islands belong to Central America—and whether they are included in the dependencies of Belize. It is possible that Ruatan may be wholly unconnected with Belize, and yet that it may form no part of Central America.

Mr. MARCY attempts to put the rights of England on a narrower ground, by means of the plausible assumption that Lord CLARENDON cannot intend to rely on a doubtful title. It may be hoped, however, that the English Minister will persist in his refusal to discuss territorial rights with any but a rival claimant. The Government of the United States has no right to inquire into the origin of the Mosquito Protectorate; and it has nothing to do with the Bay Islands, unless they can be brought within the provisions of the treaty of 1850. The American Secretary coolly proposes to instruct the arbitrator that the sovereignty of Mosquito rests in the neighbouring Spanish Republics—or, in other words, that the Indians are the subjects of WALKER. It is difficult to understand the meaning of a reference which commences with a decision in favour of one of the litigants. The English recognition of the Indian king as sovereign of the terri-

tory from which he takes his title, is, at least, as valid as the American doctrine, that red men are incapable of political rights; and although the abandonment of the Protectorate may be a reasonable subject for negotiation, it is scarcely courteous to commence the discussion with a denial of the title on which it rests. Lord CLARENDON offered to submit the meaning of the treaty to arbitration; but an English Minister requires no assistance in deciding that, except in virtue of positive engagements, the PRESIDENT's right to interfere with Ruatan is as imaginary as the QUEEN's right to interfere with Texas. On the whole, little is to be hoped from the revival of a discussion which has hitherto been both unprofitable and irritating.

One course still remains for a bold and prudent statesman. The knot which cannot be untied may readily be cut, to the great advantage of both nations. American sharp practice must be met by steady vigilance, but it would be wiser to give no opportunity for its exercise. When two players are matched against each other at chess, at *écarté*, or at billiards, each is bound to insist that his adversary shall observe the rules of the game. The move must be met by a counter move—the card must be covered or trumped. It is necessary to play by rule and precedent; but it is worth while, at the same time, to recollect that it is not necessary to play at all. Why should there be a perpetual negotiation about Central America? To one player the stake is worthless—the other considers it of paramount importance. If the people of the United States have, or think they have, a “manifest destiny” to spread to the Isthmus, England has neither an interest in opposing their designs, nor an obligation to protect the present occupants of the country. The MONROE doctrine is inadmissible when it means that European Governments shall be excluded from the Continent; but it is plausible and inoffensive as a prophecy that new American settlements and conquests will probably be in fact affiliated to the Union. The PRESIDENT has taken pains to make his recognition of WALKER offensive to the English Government, but the success of the filibusters is not in itself injurious to England. In a new treaty, it would be necessary to guarantee the security of the Mosquito Indians; and all other questions might be fairly referred to the so-called principle of squatter sovereignty. Difficulties of detail might arise, but the principle is clear. A struggle between a punctilio on one side, and a material interest on the other, will necessarily be carried on with unequal vigour; and, in striving to obtain an unprofitable result, we necessarily enter on a losing contest.

#### POLITICAL ULTRAMONTANISM.

OF the many French politicians whose career has been blighted by the military revolution of December, 1851, none merit more of our sympathy than the two great spokesmen of the neo-Catholic party—M. DE MONTALEMBERT and M. DE FALLOUX. Both of them were singularly long in obtaining a general recognition of their powers—both have had the period of their influence and ascendancy prematurely cut short. M. DE MONTALEMBERT was seventeen years in the Chamber of Peers, but the dislike of his opinions which prevailed in the middle classes during LOUIS PHILIPPE's reign, and the incredulity of leading politicians as to the genuineness of his motives, always chilled the admiration which his oratorical displays were calculated to elicit; and, indeed, before 1848, there was but one occasion, we believe, on which he extorted a perfectly unqualified tribute of sympathy from the assembly which he was in the habit of addressing. But the overthrow of the Monarchy brought the fame of M. DE MONTALEMBERT to its apogee. The excited audiences of the Republic were in a position to appreciate a vigour which bordered on violence, and they came, indeed, to relish the speeches of MONTALEMBERT even more than those rapid and lucid expositions of THIERS which had been the delight of the former Chambers. In fact, M. DE MONTALEMBERT gave proof, in those days, of almost every one of the capacities which form the special qualifications of the orator. He possessed a wealth of strong and delicate expression, and a rare command of vivacious imagery; but his distinguishing characteristic was the ease with which he scattered, and the tact with which he applied, that fine Attic salt which alone keeps rich and sensuous declamation from palling upon the intellectual palate. M. DE FALLOUX, younger than M. DE MONTALEMBERT by eight or nine years, enjoyed a smaller measure

of capacities exceedingly similar in kind, but he had the advantage of the more brilliant orator in persuasiveness and conciliatory power; and as the alliance of the man who constantly attracts friends will always be more valuable in the long run than the partisanship which is perpetually making enemies, it is probable that, if the prizes of public life had continued to belong to eminence in deliberative assemblies, M. DE FALLOUX would have been a much more influential statesman than M. DE MONTALEMBERT. But the *coup d'état* consigned them to equality in obscurity; and both are now suffering from the common bitterness of being discarded by the party which they had conducted to legislative triumphs that were all the more extraordinary from their antagonism to the spirit, the prejudices, and the convictions of Frenchmen. The priesthood and the ultramontane laity are now repudiating both M. DE MONTALEMBERT and M. DE FALLOUX, and are openly siding with the despotism under whose cold shadow the reputations of those statesmen are withering. Not, indeed, that the ultramontanists find undivided attractions either in Bonapartism or in any other form of opinion which claims the allegiance of Frenchmen. They don't quite like a despotism with a BONAPARTE at the head of it, nor do they put confidence in a legitimate Prince who offers guarantees to political liberty. The true object of their preference, abstractedly, is despotic authority wielded by a BOURBON—the sort of government, in short, which CHARLES X. would have established in France if he had overcome the resistance to his Ordinances. Their opinions have, however, been profoundly modified by the childlessness of the Duke of BORDEAUX, and by the seclusion in which the Duchess of ORLEANS is educating her children. Vague suspicions of the Count of PARIS, shading off sometimes into positive fear lest the heir-presumptive of the BOURBONS should be growing up an unavowed Protestant, are alienating the ultramontanists from the regal family; and for the moment they are leaning, with the whole weight of their undoubted influence, to the side of the institutions which are at present submitted to by France.

Against this alliance, and against its organ, the *Univers*, which daily registers the incapacity of man for political freedom among the most sacred dogmas of religion, M. DE MONTALEMBERT and M. DE FALLOUX are striving, with all the ardour natural to politicians who are in danger of having their whole past life condemned as a mistake. In their periodical, the *Correspondant*, they return over and over again to the position, that the period of the greatest expansion which the Roman Catholic Church in France has known was the period of the last reign and of free institutions; while, on the other hand, they urge that, from its repeated dalliance with despotism and despotic principles, their faith has reaped nothing but discredit and loss of influence. It is impossible for us to refuse our sympathy to any one who raises his voice for liberty in the existing state of Continental opinion, and yet we are obliged to confess that, within the limits imposed on themselves by the disputants in this controversy, the *Univers* seems to us to have the best of the argument. We hesitate to assert that the most fervent faith in Roman Catholicism is incompatible with the most genuine enthusiasm for political liberty; but the question is, whether the system of belief professed by the *Univers* and the neo-Catholic statesmen in common, does not really involve an admission of the sacredness of despotic government. M. DE MONTALEMBERT and M. DE FALLOUX are not simply faithful sons of their Church—they are the foremost members of a party of which the POPE is the head. They are French Guelfs. They contend for the removal of every fetter which civil prudence has imposed on the authority of the Papal See. Long ago, they committed themselves to unqualified condemnation of the Gallican liberties, and of the Ordinances of JOSEPH II.; and even since the accession of the present government in France, M. DE MONTALEMBERT has censured, with a bitterness that does him little honour, the efforts of Sardinia to obtain a moderate measure of spiritual freedom, and the attempt of the liberal party in Belgium to give the laity some share with the priesthood in the control of education. Against an antagonist tied down by his adhesion to these principles, the *Univers* has always one polemical weapon to employ, which no ingenuity can parry. On your own principles, how do you justify the Government of the POPE in his own States? Is it right to refuse political liberty, and even to punish the bare allusion to its desirableness? Is it right to repress all discussion in speech or print? Is it right to give a single class the monopoly of all office, all profit, and all power? Is



it right to imprison without warrant, and to chastise without public trial? To all these questions, to which a Protestant and a freeman could add a hundred others, M. DE MONTALEMBERT and M. DE FALLoux are compelled by their political principles to give one answer, and by their religious creed to give another.

We are quite ready to admit that the writers in the *Correspondant* are only logically worsted. The truth is, we dare say, that their love of liberty lies much deeper than their ultramontanist. We in England, however, cannot afford to ignore the lesson which the misgovernment of the Ecclesiastical States carries with it. The stream of conversion to Romanism, which once so alarmed us, is now reduced to a mere dribble, but, if we needed a barrier to dam it, the best and the surest is to be found in the political interests of Englishmen. Whether Tories, Whigs, or Radicals, we are all freemen; and it is absurd to suppose that we have not a natural repulsion for principles of action which, in their first, their immediate, their domestic and practical application, result in a system of politics which no Englishman can think of without detestation and dismay. If the Protestant Association would publish an analysis of the government of the Pope's dominions, seconded by reliable evidence, it would do more to check the spread of Romanism than it has done by all the crude violence of the thousand pamphlets which it scatters yearly over the land. But Exeter Hall has never, we suppose, prevented or delayed one single conversion; and, indeed, we do not see why its influence should not have exactly the reverse effect, so long as its spokesmen in Parliament are exactly the men who habitually give proof of an especial tenderness for the outrages of foreign despotism, and so long as its literary representative is a writer like Dr. CUMMING, who is daily diluting and enfeebling the common sense of the country by a philosophy of history such as the maddest medieval monk never ventured to imagine in all the audacity of a distempered brain.

#### INCONVINCIBLE GOVERNMENTS.

A TOPIC of the day is the cost of freedom. Recent history on the Continent has called up a crowd of courtier speculators, who magnify that cost till it seems too much to pay for anything. Even in this country, some thinkers—rather informed than educated, rather active than wise—have half advocated the same conclusion. Of course this is extreme error. No sound inquirer, attending to the evidence of history or to the evidence of his own eyes, will resist the conclusion that, if you can effectually establish a free government, you had better establish it—that, by so doing, you secure immense blessings and escape overwhelming evils. Yet the gain of freedom, it may be allowed, is not pure gain. There are certainly some minor compensations, which, as a sort of purchase-money, we must pay for freedom.

One of these set-offs is a difficulty in foreign policy. You cannot convince a free people. Of course, in real life, it is very hard to convince any one. The number of unsuccessful litigants who are *bond fide* converted by the adverse judgments of the courts, is seemingly rather small. The majority resemble the eminent counsel, who exclaimed, "It is the law, I know it's the law, but the d—d judges won't decide it so." There being no effectual international tribunal, Governments are peculiarly difficult to persuade. The most intelligent Government has its crotchets. As, in common life, almost every family has a tradition that its ancestors were cheated out of some estate—they even name the estate, value the acres, and count the trees, the only thing not intelligible being the title—so all nations have ancient claims. There is Old Coast, captured A.D. 1—Icy Isle, invaded A.D. 5—Barren Peak, ascended A.D. 6; and it is difficult to make them imagine that these traditional demands are not in truth valuable possessions. This is of course common to all Governments, despotic and free. But there is a great difference in practice. A despot is one man. He governs by a *bureau*. If he does not read international controversies himself, he is daily in familiar intercourse with statesmen who have to write on them—who do read them, study them, master them. It is impossible that such a man should not get some notion of there being two sides to every question. Of course, he may be weak and obstinate, vain or haughty. He may have great defects of understanding. Still, in civilized European despotisms, the Monarch is brought daily into contact with people who do know, and whose ordinary interest it is that he should know, what the case of

the adversary is. On the other hand, a free people only hears its own side. It never reads the enemy's despatches. Very few persons are much wiser if they do read despatches. The nation's own Government, by word of mouth, or through its own organs, makes its statement; and hardly any one effectually answers it. No doubt the Opposition are quite ready to say that the negotiations have been misconducted—that the whole affair has been mismanaged—that everybody has done everything wrong—that no one who, in that matter, has done anything, should ever be allowed to do anything again. But the Opposition will go no farther. It is most dangerous in politics to give your opponent the monopoly of the national grievances. If he can make out his case, he will be cheered, applauded, beloved. He has "vindicated the national honour." If you succeed—if you prove that your nation has no claim to the Bay Islands—all you can hope is a cold, ungratified respect. "Well, I suppose, confound him, he was right. But I wish he had not been—it was a very deep bay, and there was much to be said on the other side, for all that." If a war breaks out, the case is worse. Those who object are proving that victories are injurious—that defeats are merited—that there is no glory for those who live, no patriotic consolation for those who mourn—that those who are dead, died endeavouring to do injustice. No Opposition will condemn itself to an argument like this. All political parties conspire to prove to the nation the validity of its claims.

In America this is felt even more than it is here. No respect for the American people—no admiration for their vigour, ability, and energy—will induce educated men in Europe to respect certain American institutions. Many wonder that, in a country where there is so much virtue and cultivation, the tone of public political discussion should be so low and mean. Yet we have at home an instance which should enable us to understand how the two may be consistent. If you throw the whole power into the hands of an inferior class—a class worthy, no doubt, to be represented in its way, but not worthy to have an enormous preponderance—you must not wonder if you reap as you have sown. There is the borough of Finsbury. We remember hearing a learned man in Russell-square—a scholar, who, like many other crudite scholars, rather preferred the instructed, elaborate bureaucracy of Germany to the free, ignorant politics of his own country—arrest an eloquent eulogium on the success with which *all* classes were represented under the British Constitution by remarking, "I am represented by Mr. WAKLEY and TOM DUNCOMBE." America is one great Finsbury. The instructed sense, the delicate taste, the high cultivation, which are really components in her national life, find no voice in her government—are overwhelmed amid the multitude of her masses. It is true, of course, that those masses are not what they would be in this or in any European country. We do not speak of the unsettled populations of the extreme South—a dangerous element, which, it is to be feared, the world may hereafter have more adequate means of estimating at its value. We do not speak of the States in which the institution of slavery has produced one of its worst and most obvious effects in the disrepute and degradation of free labour. We would speak of America in her best estate—in provinces abounding in all the materials of civilization—where the working classes are better off than they are anywhere else in the world. It is exactly here that she is most likely to feel the difficulty of impartiality in foreign affairs. The ruling power in those districts resides in what we may call the *just-taught* classes. An immense deal of common information is diffused. All the knowledge which is of use in the every-day work of civilization is most popular. Reading and writing are the property of everybody. An eager, sharp, "smart" sense is universal among the masses. Woe to those who try to deceive them on matters within their daily sphere, and having reference to their daily calling. But it is absurd to expect from such persons the balanced sense, the exercised judgment, the many-sided equanimity, which are necessary to form a judgment on elaborate controversies, and on difficult foreign relations. The eager intuition, the narrow promptitude, which conduce to their rapid success in their personal pursuits, unfit them for forming a judgment on matters beyond them. They go too quick. They are unalive to the danger of believing as they wish. They fancy that all who argue against them are trying to impose upon them. A low suspicion taints their intellect—a fear of being overreached warps their conduct. They are the ready victims of incendiaries—the sure converts of agitators who trade in grievances, and who can always show

that America is injured, that England has been meddling, and that instant attention is required to prevent our attacking some place which we never desired, or annexing some region of which we never heard.

The inference from all this is clear. A country whose institutions subject her to this difficulty is entitled—most of all from those who are near enough in habit and language to comprehend her—to a large tolerance in international controversies. She does not know what she is doing. We may justly endure from our misled and mistaken kindred what it would be disgraceful to bear from an intelligent and designing despot.

#### OUR MILITARY PEACE ESTABLISHMENT.

THE proposed peace establishment of the Army is open to little objection. The numerical force of infantry and cavalry which it is intended to maintain will be nearly the same as before the commencement of the war; but the artillery will have been considerably strengthened. In addition to the QUEEN'S troops in India, there will be eighty-three infantry regiments of 1000 rank and file each, 7000 of the Guards, 9000 cavalry, 20,000 artillery, and from 12,000 to 14,000 officers and non-commissioned officers. The whole army will thus consist of about 130,000 men, exclusive of the marines and the West India regiments. One half of the infantry, and probably a large proportion of the artillery, will be stationed in the colonies—chiefly, it may be presumed, in the three great Mediterranean fortresses, and at the principal strong points of the American provinces. The garrisons of Malta, Gibraltar, Corfu, Quebec, and Halifax, may well employ from 30,000 to 40,000 men; and it will also be necessary for the present to maintain a certain force at the Cape, in the West Indies, and at the Mauritius. In the United Kingdom, 80,000 men, including depôts of regiments serving abroad, will be distributed in divisions, with proper staff-officers to discharge brigade and divisional duties; and in case of necessity, the militia will be able, as in the late war, to relieve the army of all ordinary duties at home. When the demands occasioned by the war shall have been fully satisfied, the Estimates will not greatly exceed those of 1851 and 1852. The additional dead weight is an inevitable result of active service; and the only increase of our regular military outlay will be that which arises from the augmentation of the artillery.

Foreigners who read the repeated protestations of some English writers that their country is not a great military Power, may perhaps be surprised by a simple statement of the troops necessary to our peace establishment. Since the conclusion of the recent treaty, the force which it is proposed to maintain for the current year has been reduced by 50,000 men; but if the war had continued for another year, the number of our army would probably have reached a quarter of a million, in addition to 100,000 militiamen. It is highly improbable that any Continental State could raise an equal number of volunteers, except in the case of actual invasion. The popular belief that recruits are more abundant in poorer and less populous countries than our own is altogether erroneous. Human labour forms but a part of the productive strength of England; but the withdrawal of a serf from a Russian village perceptibly diminishes the resources of the community. In the midst of a crowded and wealthy population, disparities of social condition and peculiarities of temperament will always produce candidates for a life of comparative idleness and adventure; and Manchester and Leeds are certainly not impoverished by the removal of unsettled lads from their streets and suburbs. The English army, in time of peace, will be about as large as that of Prussia. France and Austria maintain a force about twice as numerous, and the Russian army will probably still be the largest in Europe; but England, with her navy thrown into the balance, need fear no competition with any rival. The means of increasing our numerical strength in case of need are practically unlimited. Recruiting, though it requires time, has never been found ineffectual; and it has been proved to the satisfaction of the world that money will always be forthcoming in this country, to any extent which may be required by the national honour.

The sufficiency of our military establishment must be estimated by the security which it affords against domestic disturbance and foreign invasion, and also by the probable demands of any future war beyond the seas. So long as Ireland remains tranquil, it may be hoped that the

soldiery will seldom be required to act as police. The divisional camps and barracks will necessarily be in the vicinity of railways, and the services of troops can be instantaneously put in requisition by the electric telegraph. It is of course indispensable that the Government should, in the last resort, be armed with irresistible force for the preservation of order; but a very limited number of troops will probably be found sufficient to perform all the police duties which are likely to devolve on the army. In the great dockyard stations, the services of the marines are available; and in the metropolis, it is only within the present generation that it has ever been thought requisite to make military preparations against expected disturbances. A few troopers have generally sufficed to put down the riots which have now and then alarmed the manufacturing districts.

There is no reasonable ground for fearing invasion. Within reach of any point of the coast, there will at all times be stationed a force twice or three times as large as that which defended the Crimea on the first landing of the Allies. Railways will furnish the means of concentrating all our available troops at any given spot, and the same machinery will render a deficiency of supplies absolutely impossible. It was justly deemed an extraordinary achievement when the English and French chiefs transported 50,000 men to a hostile shore, although their fleets reigned undisputed on the sea; and it is highly improbable that a larger invading force could make its way through the ships which will, in case of need, guard the North Sea and the British Channel. It is absurd, however, to suppose that any such hostile movement could take place without ample notice. We shall possess, even in time of peace, a sufficient army to repel aggression; and in three months from a declaration of war, the trained militia would be called out, regiments would be summoned from foreign stations, and recruits would pour in by thousands. All the labour in the kingdom would be at the disposal of the Government—entrenchments and fortifications would spring up wherever it was possible to expect an enemy—nor could any invader advance into the interior, leaving 50,000 or 60,000 men in a strong position behind him. A few months of delay would double the number of the defending force, while the navy would probably have rendered it impossible for the invader to receive reinforcements. The danger of such an attempt was greatly exaggerated four or five years ago; but at the present time it may be dismissed from consideration as altogether imaginary.

For the purposes of a foreign war, a large standing army would be in some respects convenient; but the question is one altogether of money and of time. Two years of active hostilities, attended by great losses, resulted in the embodiment of the admirable army which is now about to return from the Crimea; and two years of equally energetic preparation would produce still greater results, if precautions were taken to postpone immediate collision with an enemy. Those who consider that our peace establishment has been convicted of insufficiency often forget that an offensive campaign on the borders of Asia, commenced almost immediately after the declaration of war, is an exceptional enterprise. In future, on the first rupture, the Government will be able to dispose of 30,000 or 40,000 men for foreign service, retaining a sufficient reserve at home or in some British possession; and at the end of a year, the country will be far better prepared for offensive warfare. There is confessedly a certain loss and inconvenience in making preparations in the midst of hostilities; but the disadvantage is to be set-off against the economy of moderate establishments during peace. If war were still, as in former ages, the normal condition of States, it might be inexpedient to disarm during brief intervals of precarious truce; but when a peace of thirty-nine years has been followed by a two years' war, it seems imprudent to waste, during the longer period, resources which may be far better employed than in pacific military display. The whole cost of the late struggle has been less than the waste which would have been gratuitously incurred if successive Governments had kept themselves ready for war from 1815 to 1854.

It is satisfactory to find that Parliament and the country are nearly unanimous with reference to the military system which we are henceforth to adopt. It is felt that it would be equally unwise to tempt aggression by a display of weakness, and to squander, in preparations for war, the means which will always be available when the crisis actually arrives.



## SIR WILLIAM F. WILLIAMS.

FAME has grown more just than of old, and has ceased to be the parasite of Victory. The record of our achievements in the late war comprises many triumphs and a single disaster, but there is no name of which Englishmen are more justly proud than that which is associated with their only defeat. The history of the defence and the fall of Kars will be remembered as long, and with as much exultation, as Alma or Inkermann, or Sebastopol itself. The gallantry that won the field of Alma, and maintained, against all odds, the heights of Inkermann, the heroic perseverance that vanquished the resistance of the Russian stronghold, and the devoted endurance that supported the horrors of a Crimean winter, have covered our army with imperishable renown. But Kars has not done less for the glory of England than her proudest victories; and the country which has so many triumphs to boast of knows how to appreciate the hero who maintained a desperate struggle against an inevitable fate.

The honours and the welcome that England has prepared for Sir WILLIAM WILLIAMS are a higher tribute than even the acclamations which greet the return of a conqueror. The glitter of success and the national self-complacency of triumph have not contributed to the homage which is offered as a recognition of the personal merit of himself and his gallant comrades. The reception which he met when he stepped on shore at Dover is but an earnest of the gratitude with which the country is eager to welcome the man who has so well upheld her fame. A very few words will suffice to recount the story of achievements so recent and so familiar as his. He was sent on a mission that seemed all but hopeless. He went to join an army demoralized by repeated defeats, without discipline and without resources, commanded by officers who plundered it in the camp and deserted it in battle, and reduced to utter destitution by the dishonesty of its Pashas and the apathy of the Turkish Government. He had no one on whom to rely but the little band of Englishmen who shared his enterprise and so ably seconded his efforts. He was scarcely recognised by the Porte, and was openly thwarted by the generals whose malpractices he was resolved to check. A powerful enemy was prepared to attack the remnant of the Turkish force with the return of spring; and there was nothing to oppose to the well-trained troops of MOURAVIEFF but a half-starved rabble, without sufficient clothing or weapons, almost destitute of ammunition, and unprovided with hospitals or magazines, or with the means of purchasing the *matériel* essential to its existence as an army. With no authority but that which he assumed—with no encouragement from Constantinople, and with little besides encouraging words from home—he undertook the task of breathing new life into the army, which was on the point of dissolving even without awaiting the advance of a hostile force. His steady self-reliance and indomitable will triumphed over every difficulty. At the first glance, he saw that the only hope was in subduing the resistance which was offered to every reform by the generals and colonels, who fattened in the plunder of the troops. His urgent remonstrances, backed by the pressure of the English Government, at length succeeded in obtaining the recall of the chief offenders. His resolute demeanour awed the inferior officers into something like a regard to their military duties; and his courage and devotion won the confidence and affection of the men, who soon learned to look upon him as their real commander.

Gradually the little force regained the spirit which the effeminacy of its former leaders, and its abandonment by the Turkish authorities, had almost destroyed. Once more there was an Ottoman army in Asia, and—what was most important of all—it was placed under the nominal command of a Pasha who was willing to bow to the superior genius and energy of the British Commissioner. But much remained to be done. Fortifications had to be thrown up to prepare for an assault by superior numbers. Supplies had to be collected, and the means of paying and subsisting the troops had to be extorted by incessant applications from the ministers who ruled in Constantinople, and who, up to the moment when the peril became imminent, regarded the intrusive Englishman with undisguised jealousy and dislike. All that could be done, and much more than had seemed possible, was effected before the season which admitted of MOURAVIEFF's threatened attack.

The day on which Sir WILLIAM WILLIAMS landed at Dover was the anniversary of the day when the approach of the Russian army was observed from Kars. The month

of June, 1855, saw the commencement of actual hostilities, and it found our brave general prepared for a stout resistance. His efforts during the winter which he had passed in the camp had effected a marvellous transformation. The soldiers, who had been stigmatised as the least effective division of the Ottoman army, were now inspired by the character of their leader with the resolution of heroes. The heights which commanded Kars had been fortified with skilful foresight; and the consequence was that the garrison were enabled to resist, during a long summer's day, the desperate and reiterated assaults of four times their own number of the bravest of the Russian troops. Magazines had been collected sufficient to maintain the troops until a relieving force might arrive to their assistance. Want of food and ammunition was still the great difficulty with which the garrison had to contend; but the wonder is, not that the supplies were scanty, but that even the untiring efforts of a general like Sir WILLIAM WILLIAMS should have succeeded in making any provision at all for necessities which no remonstrance could induce the Porte to supply, and which our own Ministers did not consider it their duty to meet. The material preparations for the campaign, however, formed but a small part of what the army owed to the indefatigable COMMISSIONER. It was in the moral influence which he exercised that his high qualities were most conspicuously displayed. By the sheer force of a spirit born to command, he raised every soul of the little garrison to the level of his own resolution. Not only were the naturally hardy troops ready to face death at his bidding, but even officers who had brought disgrace upon their regiments in the campaign of the previous year became changed men. Those who had once fled like cowards were now bold as lions—those who had thought of nothing but the gratification of their own rapacity, were now working faithfully and zealously for the common cause. It is in this power of swaying the minds of others that we recognise the true commander. The glorious struggle that followed was but the natural fruit of the patient and often ungrateful toil which, out of an undisciplined mob, had created an army of heroes.

No praise can be too high for the gallantry with which the noble defenders of the mountain city repulsed and routed the assaulting columns of the enemy; yet even this was almost surpassed by the unshaken firmness with which the devoted band endured the pangs of famine, and protracted their defence until the streets were strewn with unburied dead, and the weapons fell from the hands of the famished survivors. We can appreciate the hearty recognition which the General has offered to the devotion of the brave soldiers who fought and suffered by his side. It was well deserved. But the glory of the troops is the glory of their leader. The greater their heroism, the higher is his title to honour and fame; for it was he who created the army which has won for itself an immortal memory. For his country's sake, no less than his own, we trust that he may long live to enjoy his well-earned reputation, and, in the event of a future war, to add to that lustre which surrounds the name of Sir WILLIAM FENWICK WILLIAMS, of Kars.

## THE SENSATION OF BEING KICKED.

ONE of the newspapers published in the American Slave States speculates on the sensations experienced by Mr. SUMNER, the abolitionist Senator from Massachusetts, as he lay on the floor of the Senate after the assault of Mr. BROOKS, "the victim of a juster retribution than ANANIAS, SAPPHIRA, or the Emperor NERO." Did he, asks the journalist, reflect on the civil war which his fanaticism had provoked in Kansas? Did he think on the Palladium of our liberties, our sacred Constitution, and WASHINGTON, its author? Did the pale shade of GARRISON flit across his ensanguined vision? Did he remember that the South was about to rise in its majesty? Did he repent and believe? And a great many more questions follow, which, from the extreme improbability that they would suggest themselves, under the circumstances, to Mr. SUMNER, lead us to infer that the querist himself never happened to suffer under the particular indignity which was inflicted by Mr. BROOKS on the unfortunate Senator from Massachusetts.

As Mr. DALLAS has not been directed to withdraw from our shores, we shall be happy, as one of the British people, to communicate through him to the *New Orleans Delta* the exact sensations which accompany a kicking. The operation is immediately followed by much foaming at the mouth, and

a singular rigidity about the end of the foot—epilepsy, in fact, with tetanic complications. The toe is then convulsively extended, but the greatest care is meanwhile taken (*vide* instructions to British Fleet) to avoid all risk of hostile collision with the person of the assailant. The mind next proceeds to debate the question whether the person standing to the sufferer in the relation of Mr. BROOKS to Mr. SUMNER shall be kicked in return. Various considerations affect the point. In the first place, the kicking was accompanied by an explanation on the part of the assailant, that he had a special quarrel with that portion of your person against which his boot was directed, and that for the remainder of your bodily organization he entertained the profoundest respect. Secondly, it is to be recollected that you yourself, in connexion with Mr. JONES, recently kicked Mr. SMITH; and though it is generally conceded that Mr. JONES had the largest share in the assault, you nevertheless think yourself entitled to assume that your courage has been placed beyond controversy. You reflect, also, that the gentleman who kicked you is a very good customer, and at the very moment of the operation, he offers to submit to arbitration the amount of a little account which has been long outstanding. On these considerations, and from regard to the fact that he has kicked you several times before, you ultimately determine to leave his attack unnoticed, and to apply a blister to that particular locality in your body which has given him not unmerited offence. The practical lesson which you carry away with you is, that all future kickings ought to be administered (*vide Times* of Monday) in the full light of day; and your consolation is (*vide Globe* of same day), that, by your manly forbearance, you have placed your antagonist in the wrong.

#### PALMER.

THE circumstances connected with the execution of PALMER are hardly worth comment, except in the way of protest against some of the mischievous nonsense which is afloat in connexion with the subject. The criminal's conduct in the interval between condemnation and execution was common-place, and yet eminently characteristic. His line was to simulate injured innocence; and he carried it out with some consistency. He meant to impose upon society, and yet he was not altogether an actor. His conduct in the condemned cell was exactly in harmony with his previous career; and it was, at the same time, incompatible with the hypothesis of his innocence. We cannot say that the manifestations of character are to be anticipated as certainly as the results of the ascertained laws of physics; but there is such a thing as moral science. We know how motives work. We know how character is formed by external habits, and we can calculate—with due allowance for disturbing forces—what conduct must result, under given circumstances, from a given type of character. The inquiry is analogous to other philosophical investigations. Given the elements of a planet, the known laws of physics, and the like data, and we arrive at very certain conclusions. Moral investigations are not susceptible of this exact mathematical proof; but they are capable of a scientific approximation, and, in nine cases out of ten, the results so obtained are correct. PALMER on the scaffold is exactly the sort of person which the PALMER administering the cursed drug must legitimately end in. He acted just as such a criminal would be likely to act, but not as an innocent man would have done under an unjust condemnation. His characteristic, from first to last, was apathy. His whole career was that of a person thoroughly dead to any sort of conscientious feeling. He seems to have been under the influence of a complete moral paralysis. He was not, like THURTELL, a man of coarse open vices—nor, like RUSH, of tempestuous passions. He went through life without any jar on his feelings. He kept his diary, and went to church, and raised money at ruinous rates of interest, and forged his mother's name for thousands—all with remarkable decency and sobriety, in cool blood, and with unshrinking nerves. He was on a good, solid, respectable standing with society, and with himself. Nothing disturbed the even tenor of his course—he was serene, calm, and unmoved throughout his career. Forgery, murder—nothing was out of the way or extraordinary to this man. Why, then, should death have any particular terrors for him? What fears, either of this world or the next, could be expected to move him? He had lived for years in hypocrisy and guilt—why should he change at the last? Was this the sort of man to confess and to repent?

We trust that we are not undervaluing the force and power

of religious motives applied to a great criminal, even at the very last; but PALMER had all along been within their reach, and they could come to him with no new power in the condemned cell. If he planned and executed his murders when surrounded by the external influences of religion, why should he, under the stress of them, stoop to a confession? Confession is the very last thing to be expected from such a character. The man who could endure Cook's death-bed was not very likely to quail at the sight of the scaffold. He was never violent, never emphatic, never susceptible of strong emotion. Dull, self-possessed, animally and intellectually alive, but morally dead, he was alike incapable of repentance and of bravado. What he was in life he was in death. Exhortation, pleading, and appeal fell dead upon him; and so he ate and drank, and talked with ease and confidence. He died neither confessing nor stoutly denying his guilt—all that he committed himself to was a guarded, sullen declaration, not strictly meaning anything. At the best, he evaded and quibbled. The closing scene exhibited not the least trace of sentiment or susceptibility.

Innocence could not have played this part. It is simply impossible. The sense of injustice never paralyses the mind in this way. The whole experience of humanity proves the impossibility of an innocent man dying after PALMER's fashion. Innocence is not apathetic. It is quite possible that a guiltless person may be struck dumb with unutterable horror at the charge of murder, and at the certainty of a cruel and unjust death; but innocence does not maintain this unnaturally cool, calm, and self-possessed attitude under cruel and unmerited wrong. Neither SOCRATES, SIDNEY, nor CALAS—the parallels produced by the writer, whoever he was, that wrote, in the name of PALMER's brother, to Lord CAMPBELL—met death in this sort. Martyrs are triumphant, and philosophers undaunted; but they are not brutal, and stupid, and unfeeling. They show some sign of ordinary human emotion. PALMER's closing scene, however, was purely negative, entirely colourless. Only guilt—and guilt of the reasoning, systematic kind which marked PALMER's previous career—could have had such an ending. Just as Cook's death was exhaustively proved to be the result of strychnia, and strychnia alone, so PALMER's death can only have been the result of guilt.

In a social aspect, the most deplorable circumstance connected with PALMER's case is the way in which attempts have been made to mislead public opinion for purposes quite foreign to the question of the justice of his doom. The scandalous line taken by the lowest section of the newspaper press is a disgrace to periodical literature. No person qualified to judge on the matter can entertain the slightest doubt of PALMER's guilt. But an obscure newspaper or two invested on the side of his innocence, in the hope of floating themselves into a brief and scandalous notoriety; and a party, fanatically or foolishly opposed to capital punishment, discreditably permitted itself to tamper with eternal justice, and to suggest imaginary doubts about the trial which it cannot have felt. We have some sort of respect for Mr. EWART's abstract theory about the unlawfulness or impolicy of capital punishment; but if this gentleman and his friends desire to attract the sympathy of men of honesty and sound judgment, they ought to disavow any complicity with the ignorant and unscrupulous impugnors of the judgment which condemned him. We make great allowance for PALMER's family and friends; but we cannot understand how it was that the "Rev. THOMAS PALMER" permitted, until Thursday last, the abominable pamphlet published in his name to be circulated without contradiction. If he or PALMER's other friends only postponed its disavowal so long as a chance remained for the agitation in the criminal's favour, we can only say that they have done more than enough to remove any lingering doubt which sane minds can ever have entertained about their client's guilt. Mere personal vituperation of the judge, and the clap-trap rhetoric of the melodrama, are not the natural language of honest conviction. We shall not recapitulate our grounds for sharing in the general assent which has sanctioned PALMER's most righteous and just condemnation. No one was ever more impartially or more fairly tried—no more conclusive evidence, short of that of eye-witnesses, which in cases of poisoning is all but impossible, was ever offered for a matter of fact. As to the scientific evidence, it was just what scientific evidence always must be. It deals with questions unfamiliar to unscientific minds—it has its laws, its methods, its degrees of certainty. All that it ever can, under any circumstances, establish, it did establish in this case. We must



either reject it *in toto* and for ever, or admit that it was sufficient to prove PALMER's guilt. How do we ascertain that lightning has destroyed a certain building? We see the edifice fall, and we infer that the lightning-stroke which immediately preceded the catastrophe was the cause. According to the logic of PALMER's latest advocate, we are to suspend our judgment, because possibly the steeple was just going to fall from a secret and unknown flaw in the foundation. This is really the upshot of PALMER's case, concisely stated.

#### THE SATURDAY HALF-HOLIDAY.

[WE have received the following article from a gentleman whose habitual organ, he says, is the *Morning Advertiser*. It was refused by that paper, and he has accordingly addressed himself to us, relying partly on "our well-known impartiality," and partly on a peculiar theory of his own as to the meaning of the prophecy about the number of the beast,\* to which we merely allude, as being hardly suitable to the character of this journal.]

ONE of the most trying duties incumbent upon newspapers which seek to bear a faithful testimony, is that of denouncing our friends when they go astray. Lord Shaftesbury and various other noblemen and gentlemen have taken a course which fills us with profound sorrow. We know their private motives, but, of course, we shall not mention them. It would, indeed, be most uncharitable to do so. What would his lordship say, if we were to tell the world what one of the waiters at a well-known London tavern told our reporter—namely, that, whilst taking round the wine, he distinctly overheard his lordship remark to Mr. — [what follows seems to us libellous, and we therefore suppress it.] But we forbear. A Christian journal is not obliged to depend upon such low arts as these. We proceed to our accusation against the inhuman aristocrat—for such he is when his corrupt nature gets the upper hand, as it often does—whom we have named, and those who have associated themselves with him in iniquity.

Notwithstanding the miserable sophistries of our opponents, it has been clearly established that the observance of the Fourth Commandment is the one object for which the human race was created. The text, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath," conclusively establishes this proposition. In contradiction both to the letter and to the spirit of that commandment, the noblemen and gentlemen in question have been agitating for a Saturday half-holiday. What says the fourth commandment?—"Six days shalt thou labour." What says Lord Shaftesbury?—"Five days and a half thou shalt labour, and half a day thou shalt amuse thyself." Does not this carnal lord know that amusement is directly opposed to the spirit both of the Old and New Testaments? Not only does the Bible nowhere enforce amusement as a duty, but it always discourages and by implication even forbids it. We all know that the words "Keep holy the Sabbath day," "On the seventh day thou shalt do no manner of work," are held by all sound commentators to mean, "On the Sunday thou must take no manner of amusement," for that would be unholy. Indeed the Hebrew word which we render "work" has been thought by many sound divines—and especially by one gentleman connected with our establishment whose accomplishments are such that he can even read French without a dictionary—to include amusement. This being so, the design of the fourth commandment clearly was altogether to prohibit amusement. It provides for the whole of man's time. Six days thou shalt work, on the seventh day thou shalt go to church or chapel, and read sermons at home; and consequently, thou shalt never amuse thyself at all. The movement which we are denouncing goes very far towards bringing back the old Popish and Pagan views upon this subject. Indeed, the natural man is but too apt to accept the fatal lure. He argues already—at least some have the fearful audacity to argue—that "no manner of work" is quite a different thing from "no manner of amusement;" and that if the fourth commandment had meant to forbid amusement, it would probably have said so. Oh, let those who heedlessly join their cry for a Saturday half-holiday consider the awful state of mind towards which they are tending! Once teach men that it is right to amuse themselves on Saturday, and you will find it very hard to convince them that it is unholy to amuse themselves on Sunday. Is it not the great distinguishing glory of our generation, in which we have made discoveries not vouchsafed to Luther and Calvin, who never quite freed themselves from Romish latitudinarianism—is it not, we say, our peculiar glory to have dis-

covered that enjoyment is in itself of the nature of sin? Is not the duty of a Christian summed up in that exquisite hymn which it so delights one to hear raised by infant voices at the Sabbath Schools in Sailors' Homes—

Six days thou shalt work and do all that thou art able,  
And the seventh thou shalt holy-stone the decks and scrape the chain-cable?

We will not dwell on the spiritual meaning of holy-stoning the deck, which so clearly refers to that decorous whitening of externals which is so repeatedly enjoined by the Gospel, nor on the expressive metaphor of scraping the chain-cable, which obviously indicates that faithful preaching by which hard hearts are at any rate polished, if not softened; but we will ask Lord Shaftesbury if he would mar the cry of those infant voices by the awkward substitution of "five and a half" for the sweet simplicity of "six." We will tell his lordship what will be the consequence of his carnal compliances. Half-holidays, like other half measures, cannot and ought not to succeed. The enemies of all truth will say, to the advocates of the Saturday half-holiday—You can only object to amusement on the Sunday on grounds on which, in consistency, you ought to object to it on every other day. You claim to be guided by Scripture, but in fact you are opposed to Scripture at every point, and are guided merely by tradition. In order to arrive at what you call a Christian Sabbath, you construe "seventh day" to mean "first day"—you construe "no manner of work" to mean "no manner of amusement"—and you either leave out altogether all reference to the other six days, or else you turn six into five and a half. Be consistent, my lord, in your adherence to the Decalogue. Either admit that the fourth commandment does not prohibit amusement on the Sunday—or allow that it enjoins labour on the Saturday afternoon—or, lastly, show your warrant to issue a new and improved version of the law of God. This is what the scoffers will say, but we take higher ground. Of the three mystical frogs—[Here follow two columns of speculation on unfulfilled prophecy, which we suppress. They relate to the three frogs, Togarmah and his band, and the time, times, and half a time, which, as our correspondent maintains, typify the five-and-a-half working days of the Saturday half-holiday movement. He remarks that though 2 and 1½ are generally supposed to make 3½, not 5½, still "the principle is the same."]

#### THE GERMAN NATIONAL PARTY.

THE Peace of Paris, which destroyed so many hopes, was an especially severe disappointment to those patriotic Germans who thought that they saw, in the alliance between England and France, the nucleus of a great combination of the whole civilized West, and the means of regenerating their own country. A year ago, their hopes were high. The siege of Sebastopol seemed likely to be indefinitely protracted, and they might with some reason say, "It is clear that without the assistance of Germany the Western Powers can only hurt the extremities of the giant. Until they enlist Central Europe in their cause, they can do him no serious harm." To turn the whole strength of Germany against Russia would not, they imagined, be an impossible undertaking. True it was that the only body of men who acted together in the different States represented in the Diet was the faction which was supported by Russian gold, and which postponed to the interests of Russia, not only the welfare of the German people as a whole, but that of the several divisions of the Confederation to which its members respectively belonged. But the existence of a party with definite Russian leanings and aims made, or seemed to make, combined action in opposition possible; and we in this country, accustomed to practical political life, can hardly appreciate the importance of finding a common object towards which persons whose political ideas cross and re-cross each other, as do those of the speculative Liberals of Germany, could be made to work in concert.

When, in the summer of 1855, these Philo-German Germans looked round upon their country, they saw Prussia standing in an isolated position, but nearer to Russia than to France and England; while Austria seemed almost ready to draw the sword and to fill up the measure of her "huge ingratitude." In the minor States, the feeling of the rulers was mostly Russian, and the opinions of the bureaucracy leant the same way, while the sympathies of the mass of the people were in favour of the Western Alliance. The old parties of 1848 were crushed down in Austria under the heel of the army, and languished in the smaller States. No good purpose was to be served, they believed, by resuscitating them. Democracy, with its trust in "Paris revolutions," was as effete in their eyes as Constitutionalism, which only used its hour of triumph in 1848 to introduce Parliamentary forms, without attempting to awaken a desire for local self-government, or to rid Germany of foreign influence. It was not unnatural that they, like so many persons in England, should for the moment have hoped that Austria would assist a German movement, and enable all good friends of Fatherland to take a terrible revenge on Russia for the insults and interference of forty years.

But the scene of party action was not to be either in Prussia or in Austria. The German national party was to draw its principal strength from the true and ancient Germany—from those countries along the Rhine, the Maine, and the Upper Danube, which were the seats of rising Teutonic civilization while the Baltic coast was still heathen, and while the principle of fire—

\* We subjoin his formula:—

γ	3
λ	30
α	1
δ	4
σ	100
τ	300
θ	70
ν	50
η	8

not the blessed St. Lawrence—was worshipped on the Lorenziberg of Prague. Its members were to act in concert with Austria, and to influence, or, if need were, to coerce, Prussia; but its centre was to lie without the circumference of either of those States. The politicians who looked for great things from such a party appealed more especially to the moneyed interests. It is Prussia, they said, which, for its own purposes, keeps up that mutual jealousy between the States of Germany which is so formidable an obstacle to great industrial enterprises. It is Germany alone which, by taking part in this war, can bring it to a satisfactory and speedy conclusion, and restore to the capitalist and the merchant the blessings of a secure peace. They claimed the adhesion alike of constitutionalists and of democrats, because, although they did not pledge themselves to the political creed of either, they protested against bureaucratic government and arbitrary power as the two things most opposed to the instincts of the Teutonic race. To the constitutionalists they said—"Of what avail is it to win representative Government, if each State in which your Parliamentary activity is to be exerted can only secure its own existence by the guarantee of a dozen other States as inconsiderable as itself? Of what advantage is it to have constitutional forms, if, from the very nature of things, you can never be free from foreign interference, and are obliged to trim—now throwing the weight of your little kingdom or duchy into the scale of Prussia, now into that of Austria, according as one or other of these Powers threatens to become too strong for your security." To the democrats they said—"How idle it is to unite the masses of Germany merely for the purpose of expelling the dynasties, if you have no national policy—if, as soon as they are expelled, the union is to be at an end, and if all Germany, deprived of a league of the princes, is to fall asunder like a bundle of arrows!" They accused, and with some justice, both these parties of being only half-awake to the events that were going on around them. The democrats, they said, were dreaming of a revolution which was to give them all they wanted—the constitutionalists, of a revolution, in the midst of which they were to appear as the saviours of order, and the masters of the situation. In an elaborate pamphlet by Gustav Diezel, which has been translated into English, we have all these views set forth at great length, and the machinery and constitution of the future party very carefully sketched. Its principal duties were to be, to prove to the world the existence of a German people—to promote the common interests of Germany, "which are the first conditions of its political existence"—to be penetrated with the conviction that the true strength of Russia lies in her influence in central Europe—to stand forward in every State as the champion of popular rights and of individual freedom—to oppose the bureaucracy in its unpatriotic efforts—to labour to extend the principle of self-government, and to make a stand against every arbitrary act of the police. It was to be composed of many and dissimilar elements, that it might be the more national, and it was to have its chief strength in the upper middle class.

M. Diezel's scheme of party organization, with its details of declarations to be signed by all who joined the national movement, of communications to be kept up between the leaders in the different States, and of a newspaper which was to represent the interests of a united Germany, and to adopt the tone of the English press rather than that of the journals of Prussia, Bavaria, or Württemberg, sounds sadly visionary and impracticable. Such a party as he wishes for would, we fear, find itself as much out of place in actual life as did Märklin, the German theologian and student, when he entered the Heilbronn National Guard, and marched out three times a week with vinedressers, shopkeepers, and publicans, "to return from the parade in the evening with the proud consciousness that he was helping to save his country." A few eventful months have scattered all these dreams. The war would have been a long one indeed, if it had given time for so deliberative a people as the Germans to put a party into working order. But there were other and stronger objections to the plan. The day has gone by when Austria could be the friend of a German national party. The Hungarian war, if it taught Europe nothing else, might at least have taught us this. It was not the valour of German armies that saved the Austrian empire then, and it is not as a German State that it keeps its place in Europe now. Nor was a movement commenced in the smaller countries of Germany, and calculated to increase their importance at the expense of the two great rival Powers, at all likely to make many converts in either Austria or Prussia. We say nothing of the numerous difficulties of detail—of the interference of the police, of government prosecutions, of Munkatz and Spelberg, and all the other convenient receptacles for Germans who are too fond of Germany. Yet neither the failure at Frankfort, nor the visionary character of the scheme which we have been laying before our readers, have taken away from us all hopes of seeing something like a united Germany. If the Pan-Slavic agitation, which, begun in Agram, has smouldered for the last few years in various provinces of the Austrian empire, should one day assume really formidable proportions, a counter league of Germans would almost of necessity be formed. It would not be semi-Slavonic Austria which would be at the head of this defensive alliance. In Prussia, however, a State in which the Slavonic elements bear a very trifling proportion to the Germanic population—such a body might find an efficient ally and a true leader. The position which Austria has now assumed with relation to the Roman Church would of itself incapacitate her from taking part in a movement which must

have for its watchwords self-government and unlimited religious freedom.

The recent quarrel between Austria and Russia, and the recent friendship between Russia and Prussia, have both been mere accidents. The slow operation of kindred tendencies will probably bring together again the Czar and the Kaiser, even if their mutual estrangement be as great as some persons would have us believe; but Prussia is only kept from direct opposition to her powerful neighbour by strong and continued tension. Sooner or later, this tension must give way or be relaxed. If a wise and just ruler, untrammelled by ties of relationship, succeeds ere long to the Prussian throne, we may hope to see, under his hegemony, a true national party arise in Germany. When a great State, or confederation of States, in Central Europe, shall consider that the law of their being is opposition to the designs of Russia, then, and not till then, the freedom and civilization of the West will be safe from barbarian interference.

#### ARCHITECTURE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

HAVING noticed the pictures in the Royal Academy's Exhibition, and the sculpture which, if neither adequately nor worthily housed, at least finds there its only annual representation, we are bound to say something of the architectural branch of the national exposition of Arts. We find this task the less difficult, as we had occasion, not long since, to state our opinion of the treatment of architecture by the Academy, when noticing last winter's exhibition in Suffolk-street. This season, we find no amendment—rather, if anything, the reverse. The designs are becoming fewer and fewer in number, and the character of the buildings shown, with few exceptions, more insignificant; while the evil of substituting perspectives for geometrical elevations is on the increase in Trafalgar-square. It is for the Academy to have a care whether, in case the removal of the National Gallery should give it larger premises, the discredit into which its means of architectural display have fallen may not have grown irretrievable.

Of the few architects who add R.A. to their names, not one appears this year. Two Associates have, however, contributed designs. Mr. Smirke exhibits two parallel sections of his new reading-room at the British Museum—one in skeleton, showing the iron construction, and the other as the edifice will be when completed. The juxtaposition of the two gives an idea of the huge scale of this prodigious cupola, which will remain a monument at once of the skill of its architect and of that want of forethought in bygone days which has rendered the due enlargement of the British Museum impossible, except through the destruction of the central quadrangle.

Mr. Scott's name is attached to the design of a church in Yorkshire, exhibiting considerable dignity of outline, and to a bird's-eye view of the new chapel, library, and master's lodging at Exeter College, Oxford. The chapel is hardly worthy of its architect. It is doubtless a pretty and correct building, of the Ste. Chapelle type; but we want Mr. Scott to strike out, in the chapel of an important college at Oxford, some more aspiring and novel form, which may mark, and perhaps begin, an era. The library is much better, with its bold and ornate dormers. If R.A.'s, however, are coy, an M.P. rushes into the breach, in the person of Sir Joseph Paxton, who displays in two perspectives, rich in everything but perspective itself, all the sides of the "mansion" he is erecting for Baron James de Rothschild, at Ferrières, in France. From the author of the Girle Railway we can look for a surprise; but we were not prepared for the peculiar kind of playfulness which consists in planning a house in the regular, though not original, form of a square edifice, with four square towers, one at each corner, and then adopting for each face of that house a type totally at variance with every one of the rest. The front shows feeble projections and flat pilasters; and the *façade* adjacent to the right has two recessed loggias with pillars, sunk in the second and third stories. When you turn round the corner, the projections become unaccountably bold; while the fourth side gives a projecting portico of two stories, with coupled pillars, capped with pert domelets of Oriental aspect. Chatsworth was a very fine house till the wing was stuck on, because it was so regular. Haddon Hall is also very beautiful from its irregularity; but such irregular irregularity in a square house as that which Sir Joseph Paxton here offers, never was heard of in the work of any architect who knew his profession. The combination of the square form and the angle towers imposed a uniformity which he shows himself unable to comprehend. We hope Sir Joseph Paxton will accept a word of friendly counsel. He once made a hit in the Crystal Palace—let him rest content with this, and not damage a life of prosperous horticulture by an old age of reprehensible architecture.

Several other country-houses, in different variations of mediæval architectural styles—the manorial, the ecclesiastical, and the castellated—occur, which we need not particularize. They all prove the difficulty of combining dignity and picturesqueness. Mr. Penson's remodelling of Dynevor Castle must, however, be specially noted as an instance of the most frightful of last-century houses, transformed by some simple modifications into a very passable structure.

We do not understand how it comes that Mr. Yeoville's design



for the Birmingham and Midland Institute is designated as having received the first premium, and that of Mr. E. M. Barry as having been actually adopted. However, without entering into a question of which we know nothing, we are bound to say that the latter is the superior design. Mr. Yeoville's is ambitious and fragmentary. Mr. Barry's, though in no way original, yet embodies some recognised forms of Italian street architecture in an easy way. We should observe that all the designs for this building were hampered by the necessity of being confined to an oblong site with two rounded corners.

Mr. Anderson's design for a club-house in French Renaissance has the appearance of a student's drawing, but it exhibits a careful study of examples which is commendable. On the other hand, Messrs. Morgan and Phipson's hotel, which was to have been erected at the corner of Brook-street, very feebly introduces the high roof of the château. In the interior of Messrs. Sarl and Son's new building, Cornhill, by Messrs. Barnett and Birch, and in Mr. Hill's (*sic*) new music-hall, Covent Garden, we recognise a growth of æsthetic feeling in the public mind, which, however ill-regulated now, will, we feel certain, one of these days produce worthy results. Here we find a tradesman's show-room and a tavern concert-room, neither of them irreproachable in their details, but yet of a large size—redundant in columns and colour, and very decidedly showy. In contrast stands the spacious but dreary hall for meetings, concerts, and so on, to be erected by Messrs. Banks and Barry, behind the Milton Club. Bylaugh Hall, in Elizabethan, by the same architects, although without any striking merits, passes muster. Messrs. Manning and Mew's new School of Art to be erected at Sheffield, shows a commendable attempt to grapple with coloured material; but the style, a sort of modern adaptation of Italian Romanesque, wants nerve. Mr. C. B. Allen's hint of street architecture from Verona, in domestic pointed, indicates originality. Mr. Jones' new music-hall, which is in course of being erected in the Surrey (late Zoological) Gardens, chiefly of iron and glass, is simply large and vulgar. Mr. Allom has the audacity to show a new church at Notting Hill in that deteriorated classical style which inflicted upon us so many hideous and dreary places of worship between twenty and forty years since.

Mr. Digby Wyatt's beautifully executed drawings of his courts at the Crystal Palace do not come within our criticism, as the originals are so well known; but another sketch of his claims particular notice, from the person with whom it is primarily connected. It is that of the monumental painted window and reredos erected in North Marston Church by the Queen, in memory of the Mr. Neild who left her Majesty so large a fortune. We hail with pleasure this instance of the adoption of church restoration as the most appropriate sepulchral commemoration. Mr. Norton's interior of Bedminster new Church at Bristol shows us a large and successful pile in a rather early form of pointed, with that richly-storied reredos which has so signally excited the ire of the iconoclasts. The one weak point of this church is its heavy and incongruous wooden roof. When will the architects of England have realised the superiority of vaulting? Mr. Slater's interior of an iron church, designed for the Ecclesiastical Society, and intended to show how beauty and ecclesiastical character are compatible with that material, grapples with a new idea, and appears to us to do so with much success. But the idea being novel, and the design on that account being one which ought to have been placed on a level with the student's eye, it has been hung as high as it can out of sight. We should imagine that the small scale on which the drawing has been made has contributed, however unfairly, to its misplacement.

If the queer idea which flitted across official eyes, of stilting up the York column and making a roadway on either side of it, were not already as dead as Priam, it would have received its *coup de grace* in the lively portraiture of it as it would have looked, which Mr. H. R. Newton has considerably contributed. There we see the thing hoisted up on a block of masonry and propped by two little archways, one on each side, in which a moderately broadwheeled waggon would infallibly stick—the whole garnished with trophies to match, including the fluting of the column, and its investiture with a Brobdignag ribbon of bronze wriggling round the shaft. The Government ought really to deviate from its habitual non-encouragement of art, in order to buy this design, and hang it up over the chimney-piece of the Commissioners' Rooms at the Public Works' Office, to serve as a perpetual warning and lesson to all future ministers. If this step be taken, the architectural branch of the Royal Academy for 1856 will not have existed in vain.

#### EXHIBITIONS OF PICTURES.

THE four minor exhibitions—viz., the Society of British Artists in Suffolk-street, the National Institution, the British Institution, and the New Water Colour Society—contain this year, as usual, besides an immense number of bad and hopelessly weak pictures, a great many which, although showing talent in the artist, can be considered little better than manufactured articles. A certain amount of painting seems to be annually produced, with little variation of power or subject—some few faithful studies giving hope, by the diligence and perseverance which they manifest, of better things in the future, while here and there a picture (probably by some unknown

artist) strikes us by its originality, beauty, or power. As an example of the latter class, "Eavesdroppers," by Mr. J. Campbell, at the Suffolk-street Gallery, is by far the most remarkable—in fact, it is one of the most remarkable pictures to be found at any of our exhibitions this year. The tale tells itself at a glance. The butcher-boy has at last found the long-sighed-for opportunity—he has caught sight of the girl in the out-house, has followed her, shut the door behind him, laid down his tray, and while with one hand he seizes hers, with the other he draws the ring from his pocket and holds it before her. The hands are eloquent, but only look at his face! How eagerly he is persuading her, with an expression of almost petulant earnestness, as though it worried him to see her standing there with that half-sad, questioning look in her eyes, quietly nibbling the corner of her apron! How deliciously unconscious he is of the sacrilegious enjoyment of the old man and boy who have concealed themselves in another division of the shed, and how capital the old man is, who restrains the boy's laughter lest he should lose one whispered word of "the asking!" To say that this picture is intensely earnest and simple in feeling, that it is full of humour and character, does not include all its merits. The light and shade is very fine—the work is powerful in tone—and although there is much unpleasant painting in it, for the most part it is good in colour. The effect of light on the butcher-boy's head, and on the upper part of his blouse, is really wonderful; and for realization of character the old man's head could scarcely be surpassed, while that of the boy, too, who is laughing, is first-rate. Mr. Campbell also exhibits a small study of an interior, in every respect inferior to the other, but having a happy effect of light.

There are but few other figure subjects of much interest. Among the best we may name "Dame Margery," by Mr. C. Rosser, at the National Institution—a quiet study, full of character, under a cleverly-painted firelight effect. "The ancient and most quiet Watchman," by Mr. H. Stacy Marks, though too much like a repetition of former works, is quite as humorous, and as carefully and cleverly worked out as any of them. "The Head of an old Jew," by Mr. R. S. Lauder, is very fine in expression and colour, but very slovenly in execution; and the "Nobodie axed you, Sir," by Mr. E. H. Corbould, at the New Water Colour, is a very humorous illustration of the old English song. The sauciness of the "Prettie Maide," who trips off with such provoking gaiety, is capably contrasted with the stupid dumbstruck amazement of the knight on horseback, who certainly must have felt particularly small at the moment. "Imogen and Jachimo," by Mr. W. Gale, at the British Institution, is a very unpleasing subject, conscientiously thought out and cleverly executed. "A Son of the Soil," a small study of a head, by Mr. J. Collinson, is first-rate in character, being a perfect type of the class. "The Lesson," by Miss B. A. Farwell, two water-colour figure-studies by Mr. R. W. Chapman, and one or two pictures by Mr. J. D. Wingfield, Hemsly, and Hardy, are all worthy of notice.

The landscapes preponderate considerably in these collections, and are, on the whole, of a higher stamp than the figure-pictures. Mr. Lauder has followed the example Mr. Hook has given at the Academy, and has shown us, in "Aberdour Castle" and in one or two other studies, what he can do in landscape. "Aberdour Castle," though on a different key from Hook's pictures generally, will well bear comparison with them. It is not so rich in colour or sunny in effect, but it is perfectly harmonious and wonderfully *day-lit*, and the sky is very grand. Mr. Harry Williams has four little landscapes at the National Institution, which are exquisite in colour, and the skies in all have a luminous quality rarely equalled—"Beach, Southport, Evening," being, perhaps, the best. Mr. Brittan Willis has two large pictures at the same Exhibition. In No. 88, the cattle are admirably painted, but the landscape distance is exceedingly poor; and again, in No. 314, Mr. Willis excels in the horses, but fails in the landscape. Mr. Hargitt has one or two very beautiful small landscape studies. No. 444, "On the Coast, near Edinburgh," is fine in colour, the sky and foreground especially. Mr. A. W. Hunt has two "Summer Eves by Haunted Stream," both good in colour, carefully studied, and quiet in feeling. Mr. Dearnle has several pictures distributed about at the different exhibitions, all showing his old preference for Nature in her stillest mood. There is never a ripple on the water, nor the gentlest stir among the leaves—"even the aspen grey forgets to play" under his touch. This perfect calm is often deeply impressive, but it becomes monotonous and loses its effect when constantly repeated. Yet Mr. Dearnle's pictures this year show considerable increase of power. In his largest piece, "An Autumnal Evening in North Wales," the mountains in shadow are very finely painted; but the stony foreground is weak, and does not give the idea of being studied from nature. There is great failing, also, in his skies generally not having the melting, vapoury look invariably found in nature; and they are also untrue in colour. The Messrs. Williams, Mr. Boddington, and Mr. Percy, have again given us a number of clever pictures, as much like those of preceding years as possible; and although there are, in some of these works, certain effects—more particularly of mist and atmosphere among the mountains—rarely attained by any other of our landscapists, there is not, out of the whole number, one which proves an effort to conquer new difficulties, or a seeking after higher beauties as yet unachieved. Mr. Oakes seems to be working steadily onward on the right road.

His pictures are not very complete, but they are careful, and prove a keen appreciation of beautiful colour and a true love of his art. "Glanmorfa, Carnarvonshire," at the British Institution, a moonlight "Burlington, Yorkshire," at the National, and "A quiet morning on the coast of Arran," at Suffolk-street, are about the best. The colour of his skies is almost invariably excellent, but the cloud forms are often carelessly drawn. There is a little picture by Mr. J. Mogford, called "A Rough Reception off the coast of Guernsey," at Suffolk-street, which deserves especial notice. The water is washing angrily up on the shelving beach, and has just dashed a boat against the rocks in the foreground; while the clouds are driven rapidly across the sky, and a woman runs wildly down to the shore, where two men are carrying a third beyond the reach of the waves. It is an incident that must often occur on a rocky coast, and Mr. Mogford has rendered it with a truthfulness and absence of all exaggeration which are as delightful as they are rare. Instead of clouds of awful blackness, and waves running "mountains high"—which, judging from pictures generally, are the invariable and inevitable accompaniments of a shipwreck—he has simply represented one of those squally days which are often more fraught with danger near shore than a heavy continuous storm. The sky is somewhat foxy in hue, but the long sweep of the waves is capitally drawn. Mr. Louis Walter has a little picture at the National Institution, entitled "The Deserted House"—a mere sketch, but which deserves notice for its sunny brilliancy. Mr. G. P. Boyce has three water-colour drawings at the National, and one at Suffolk-street, all giving proof of earnest study, real love of Nature, and, with one exception, a fine eye for colour. Mr. H. Ward has also some very clever water-colour landscapes at Suffolk-street. Mr. Hurlstone continues to paint drawing-room imitations of Murillo—simpler Italian boys with large eyes and treacherous complexions; and one or two other artists might be named whose pictures always attract some notice from a certain degree of talent visible in them, though they are so perverted in taste and destitute of feeling that they are worse than worthless.

At the New Water-Colour Exhibition, there is but little to be found above mediocrity. Mr. John Chase has a great many clever architectural pieces, harmonious and rich in colour and brilliant in effect, and with much solemn feeling in some of them. Mr. William Bennet rises beyond his usual standard in No. 193, "The Sea." It is rather too sketchy, but both clouds and water are delightful in colour, well drawn, and full of vigour and movement. There are a great many other drawings by this artist, all more or less conventional and tricky, but always pleasant in colour. Miss Fanny Steers exhibits two very beautiful little drawings. In "Eventide," No. 311, the air seems full of vapour, and the whole landscape is glowing under the last rays of the sun; and "Brook Farm," No. 320, is a quiet little piece of home scenery, very pleasing in colour. "The Trifacu Mountain, near Capel Curig, North Wales," by Aaron Penley, is a fine drawing, and the heavy, yet vapoury, storm-cloud blowing over and amidst the mountains is very grandly expressed. Mr. E. G. Warren exhibits several drawings, apparently faithful studies, but cold in colour. The "Baronial Hall" is by far the best, having a very striking effect of cool bright sunlight on the ruin, and glinting over the grassy bank. "Cockle-Gatherers returning after Sunset," by R. K. Penson, is very quiet in feeling, and the sky is full of gradation and delicate colour; but the wet sandy foreground is untrue, as it must have reflected in some degree the hue of the sky.

After all, it must be confessed that wading through these collections is rather weary work; for the very few pieces that are deserving of notice are but oases in a desert of upwards of two thousand canvasses. Still, these exhibitions have their uses and advantages, both for artists and for the public, and we may fairly hope that each year will bring us good pictures in increasing proportion, as a new energy is clearly discernible in a large body of our younger artists. All we ask of them is, that while each cultivates in himself the love of all that is pure and noble, each shall follow his peculiar preference, and develop to the utmost his individual powers, without copyism of others, or, worse, of himself. The one lesson for the painter to learn—the Alpha and Omega of his art—is to study nature, not now and then, without earnestness or thankfulness, but lovingly, thoroughly, and constantly.

#### LORD ORFORD'S PICTURES.

ANOTHER fine collection of paintings—Lord Orford's Wolterton Gallery—has been rather suddenly announced for dispersion before autumn. Placed hitherto in a country house in a remote quarter of Norfolk, these works have been, of course, far less known than Mr. Rogers' pictures, and their exhibition in London will be one of the unexpected pleasures of the present season.

As a certain poetical and imaginative taste evidently influenced the selection of the Rogers Gallery, good sense appears to have guided the collectors of Wolterton. Rogers possessed few large works, and many small ones which were valuable to him from qualities that appealed less to the artist than to the poet. Lord Orford's small works are not, if we remember rightly, of particular value or pretension; but there are half-a-dozen or more pictures of very unusual interest, either as rarities or from their intrinsic merit. One of these is an excellent example of the later Florentine school—a Virgin and Child, with two other figures—by the great sculptor, Andrea Verrocchio. It is rather

subdued in colour, compared with some works of this rare master, but less academical in design, and full of that austere and thoughtful beauty which, from the days of Cimabue and Dante, characterized the genius of Florence, and reached its climax and triumph in Michel Angelo. Three pictures belong to that curiously interesting period in art when the later forms of the Roman school—so much influenced, for evil and for good, by study from the antique—were united more or less, with that earlier, more devotional, and purely Christian spirit which marks Angelico da Fiesole or Perugino. One by Raphael's best fellow-workman and student at Perugia—Lo Spagna—painted probably about 1515, is the best specimen in England of a master little known in Italy, except in the cities of the "Umbrian" district. The Virgin enthroned, and surrounded by cherubim, fills the upper portion—two angels are seated below in a delicately-coloured landscape. These children, in truth, dignity, and feeling, are worthy of Raphael's best early style. Lo Spagna's colouring is very warm and transparent, and is peculiarly happy in the pearly greys of sky and drapery, which were soon almost irrevocably banished from Italian art by the forced shadows and dark backgrounds of the *seicentisti*.

The two remaining works of this time are by Andrea Sabatini da Salerno, a Neapolitan pupil of Raphael's, as little known beyond Italy as his Spanish fellow-student just alluded to. A large altar-piece—the Virgin with Saints—signed and dated 1522, exhibits a curious blending of the devotional and of the classical spirit. The artist's aim was evidently uncertain, and the result, as with some of the modern so-called religious painters of Germany, is unsatisfactory. The other, and far more interesting piece, represents five Saints, in a valley between high rocks, adoring the Cross. The almost mystical character of this unusual subject is increased by the solemn landscape and serene sky, the symmetrical grouping, and the strange fervour in the expression of the heads. It is a pity that the blue appears to have been coarsely deepened in the upper portion.

An early German altar-piece—said to be the only specimen of the painter (Grunewald) in this country—although highly praised for power and nobleness by German critics, appears to us rather a work produced during an energetic period, and by an artist trained in a manly school, than in itself noble or powerful. Few paintings, even by Grunewald's countrymen, are more absolutely without grace or beauty.

The contrast is curious between these early religious paintings and the Murillo—Christ on a solitary road, accompanied only by His mother, falling beneath the burden of the Cross. This great master of the picturesque and the natural has here, we suppose, reached the highest religious tone within his capacity. There is little indeed of the "ideal"—little different from common life in the heads or the drapery—and the landscape is one of Murillo's familiar bits of grey Spanish dreariness. He has given elevation to his treatment by solemnity of tone and simplicity of feeling—by a faithful rendering of human grief and exhaustion, rather touching by its truth than inspiring any sense of superhuman dignity. Little more than one hundred years probably separate this picture from Lo Spagna's; but that century parts ancient from modern art.

A choice specimen of Opie—Two Cottage Children—is intermediate in style between Gainsborough and the pleasing works of our own Eddis. There is something of the mannerism of Lawrence's day in the form of the nearer child; but the picture is a thorough artist's work, well composed in the lines, and careful and full in colouring.

But the greatest treasure of Lord Orford's collection—one of the greatest, we think, in its rank, which can be found in any collection—is Rubens' "Rainbow." At least we know none superior by that first and noblest artist of the early landscape schools. Painted probably at the same period as his "Château," the pride of our National Gallery, this is in parts more conventional, and in general tone less sunny and transparent; but for vigour of handling, force and contrast of colour, and invention of scene, we are disposed to give Lord Orford's picture the preference. Rubens' abundance, science, and poetical feeling appear far more in such works than in the larger mythological and allegoric subjects to which even his powerful brush can only give a partial life and interest. In the rainbow itself—that perplexity of painters, from the mosaicist of St. Mark's (the earliest example we remember) down to Millais—Rubens' success will probably be considered imperfect; but the animated groups of labourers returning to their work after the shower has passed, the splendid drawing and colour of the trees in the middle distance, and the magnificent wreathing of the stormy clouds, place this work amongst the very highest achievements in the grand school of landscape. It is, no doubt, in the main, a faithful rendering of a real scene—a true representation of some certain square miles of the *daedala tellus*; yet, like all really great paintings, it has a unity of subject and of feeling which flows only from the master's own intuition—a something, as in nature herself, "far more deeply interfused" from the soul of its glorious Artist.

#### HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

"WE shall never look upon her like again," must often have been the feeling of those whose good fortune it was to witness Madame Pasta's impersonation of "Romeo." Happily, however, we have now to speak of the performance of an



artiste who need not fear the comparison which many will make between her and her great predecessor. It is seldom that we can hope to have to record a success so triumphant as that achieved by Mademoiselle Wagner on the night of her *début* at Her Majesty's Theatre, when a house filled to overflowing enthusiastically confirmed the judgment already pronounced upon her in Germany, as the finest lyric tragedian of the present day. Mademoiselle Wagner's name had been brought, three years ago, so conspicuously before the public—so much controversy had been waged respecting her, and so great had been the disappointment occasioned by her non-appearance—that when it was announced that she had been engaged for Her Majesty's Theatre, and would make her first appearance as Romeo in *I Capuletti ed i Montecchi*, an amount of curiosity and interest was excited which has very rarely been equalled within the memory of this generation. Full of impatient expectation, the immense audience awaited Mademoiselle Wagner's appearance; and no sooner was she seen advancing from the back of the stage, than one and all intuitively felt that their highest anticipations were about to be realized. Clad in a tunic of crimson velvet with a coat of mail beneath, a helmet half concealing the clustering hair which fell in ringlets about her neck, and moving with a light yet firm step, she looked, with her tall, commanding, yet graceful, form and her expressive countenance, more like a knight of the golden ages of chivalry, or a youthful Amazon of classic days, than the love-sick melancholy Romeo, "so secret and so close," of Shakspeare's drama. In fact, there is little resemblance between him and the Romeo of Romani's opera, who, instead of being made "effeminate by Juliet's beauty," which "in his temper had softened valour's steel," loves honour, war, and fame, as dearly as his lady. It is thus that Romani has drawn the character, and Mademoiselle Wagner has so understood it—idealizing and exalting the type until it would be difficult to imagine an impersonation more full of poetry, genius, and truth.

The first words that Mademoiselle Wagner utters, when she makes her appearance in the midst of the Capulets, and announces herself as a messenger of peace, have to be given without an accompaniment; but, trying as the moment must have been for her, scarcely the slightest symptom of tremulousness was apparent in her sonorous voice, which rang like the sound of a silver trumpet, sweet, clear, and penetrating. The audience scarcely allowed her to finish the words "favello io pareo d'amistade e pace," before their astonishment and delight found vent in bursts of applause. It would have been difficult, we imagine, for any of them at that moment to decide whether it was to her majestic mien, to the tones of a voice which seemed to combine all the resources of the *soprano* and *contralto*, or to the grace and dignity of her gestures, that their meed of applause was given; but before the opera had reached its close, they might safely have affirmed that the union of all these excellences constituted her title to fame. The two airs in the first act, "Se Romeo t'uccise un figlio," and "La tremenda ultrice," afforded opportunity for a striking exhibition of her varied powers. In the first, she gave the words, "Ei ne pianse e piange ancor," with a melancholy expression and depth of feeling which showed her to be a perfect mistress of pathos; while the grand, impressive, and defiant tones in which she exclaimed, "Su voi ricada il sangue che alla patria costerà," proved her equally capable of representing the sterner feelings. In strong contrast, again, with the emotions she had portrayed in this aria, was the tenderness evinced in the interview with Giulietta which immediately follows. Most touching were the accents in which she entreated Giulietta to fly, and endeavoured to combat the scruples of the timid girl by appeals to her affection and by gentle reproaches, caressing her the while with all the passion of a lover, and all the refinement through which she gives poetry and grace to the character of Romeo. With this scene the first act concludes; and loud and reiterated calls for Mademoiselle Wagner's appearance instantly followed the fall of the curtain.

The second act mainly consists of a dispute between the rival factions of the Guelfs and Ghibellines, arising out of an attempt, set on foot by Romeo, to carry off Giulietta, and thus prevent her approaching marriage with Teobaldo. As soon as the tumult has subsided, Giulietta is seen descending into the court-yard of her father's palace, where she is joined by Romeo, who, in impassioned words, half entreats, half commands her to fly; but, whilst he is endeavouring to draw her away with him, Teobaldo and Capellio enter and force her to remain. Romeo, however, still clings to his heart; and nothing could have been more striking or beautiful than the manner in which, at one moment, he looked away from her to hurl defiance at his enemies, and then turned to comfort and encourage the half-fainting terrified girl.

In the third act, Romeo and Teobaldo encounter each other at night in a lonely spot near Capellio's palace. Not with "gentle breath, calm look, and knees bowed," as in Shakspeare's play, does Romeo accost his rival; but, in answer to the question, "Où! chi sei tu?" he replies, in a voice so stern and deep as to impress every listener with awe—"Non t'appressar. Funesto il conoscermi fora." In the following verses—

Vieni; io ti sopro, e s'ido  
Teco i sequaci tuoi,  
Tu bramerai fra noi  
L'Alpi fraposte e il mar—

Mademoiselle Wagner introduced an effect that electrified the house, accompanying her gestures of contempt and indignation with a truly marvellous leap from the highest to the lowest notes of her voice. So overpowering was the wrath infused into the words, and so intense and pictorial the action, that it required little effort of imagination to conceive the force of the passion which should make its object wish that the sea and the Alps might divide him from his enemy. In sudden and striking contrast to this scene was the succeeding one, in which, whilst Romeo and Teobaldo are still at the height of their quarrel, they hear the sounds of melancholy music, and immediately afterwards behold the funeral procession of Giulietta approaching. Heartrending was the shriek which Romeo uttered, when, a horrible presentiment of the truth flashing upon his mind, he suddenly turned away as if he could bear the sight no longer, and, throwing himself on the ground, hid his face in the bitterness of his anguish. Equally impressive was the entire prostration of love which at once overwhelmed him, and in the midst of which he desired Teobaldo to slay him—exclaiming, in mingled bitterness and despair—

Paga alfin è del tuo cuore  
L'ostinata crudeltà.

But it was in the fourth and concluding act that most scope was afforded for the display of Mademoiselle Wagner's genius; and never was there a finer exhibition of the *ars celare artem* than in every different phase of the passionate grief which she had to depict. Admirably true to nature was the reverence which she made Romeo show when he first approached the tomb of Giulietta, in the presence of his followers, and wept over the flowers strewed upon it; and equally so was the outbreak of anguish with which, as soon as the cover was lifted from the coffin, he rushed forward, and, kneeling beside it, entreated the buried to arise. Then, suddenly remembering that he was not alone, he desired his followers to leave him, reminding them that "Arcani ha il duol che debbe solo alla tomba confidar." No less exquisitely faithful to an idealized reality was the way in which, as soon as he was left alone, Romeo threw himself upon the corpse, first kissing its hands, and then—perfect love casting out fear and awe—clapping the head in his arms, bedewing it with his tears, and lavishing over it his caresses. The transition from this abandonment of extreme grief to sudden joy, when first Giulietta awakened from her trance and called on Romeo, who imagined that he was already restored to her in another state, could not have been more finely rendered; and a thrilling effect was produced by the piercing cry which involuntarily burst from his lips when, after having discovered that Giulietta's death was but a deception, the recollection of the poison he had just taken suddenly flashed upon him, and the agonizing truth presented itself to his mind, that he had recovered her too late. Nothing could have been more affecting than the expression he gave to the words—

Giulietta! al seno stringimi  
Io ti discerni appena;

and not less touching were the gestures which accompanied them, as, with straining eyes, he fixed his dying gaze upon the object of his love.

We have now followed this great *artiste* through the principal parts of her performance of Romeo. Of her rendering of minor passages, we can but say that she is great in all she does, and gives meaning and life to things which, in other hands, would be dead and insignificant. There is not one of her attitudes that would not form a study for a sculptor. Not that she has the marble statuesqueness of a Rachel; but in every gesture, in her whole air and style, and in the management of her drapery, there are a majesty and grace which are only seen where art has reached that height at which it becomes an idealisation of nature.

Mademoiselle Wagner's voice, as we have already said, unites all the excellences of the *soprano* and *contralto*. Her upper notes are wonderfully true and pure; and if the middle ones are less rounded than we could wish, the lower ones are perfect. Nothing, in a word, can be finer than the quality of the organ, over which she has attained such a complete mastery that she can declaim with equal force at either the highest or the lowest extremities of her voice, and pass from the one to the other with wonderful quickness and precision. She is also remarkable for that sympathetic expression which is the characteristic of *contralto* voices, and her style in singing is grand and broad, whilst her execution is distinguished for care and finish. At the conclusion of the piece, the audience were not satisfied until they had thrice recalled Mademoiselle Wagner to testify their delight by plaudits which each time became more enthusiastic.

Mademoiselle Jenny Bauer, also a *débutante*, performed the part of Giulietta with much grace and feeling. Her voice is a *soprano* of excellent quality and purity of tone—her singing is powerful and expressive—and she was warmly applauded throughout, especially in the last act, in which she gave the character of Giulietta a life and strength which it must have been difficult to infuse into the part.

Herr Reichardt, whose name is familiar to the public as a charming concert singer, appeared in the character of the "fiery Tybalt." His voice is exceedingly sweet and sympathetic, and there is great delicacy and refinement in his style of singing; but we question whether his lower notes could be heard at the remoter extremity of the house. His acting is graceful, appropriate, and natural, and he threw so much feeling into the *aria*

in the first act, *L'amo e m'è più cara*, that he was heartily encoered by the audience, although they were eagerly looking for the appearance of Mademoiselle Wagner.

As regards the orchestral accompaniments and the choruses, we heartily wish that it were in our power to give them the praise which we hope will be their due when they are more familiarized with their work.

#### THE CRYSTAL PALACE FOUNTAINS.

THE grounds of the Crystal Palace never looked more beautiful than on Wednesday last, when London poured forth its thousands to witness the long-deferred inauguration of the elaborate system of waterworks which forms one of the most prominent features of the undertaking. The extent of the park is so considerable that it requires some 20,000 visitors to enliven it; and no one who has seen it only on the dreary five-shilling Saturdays can form any idea of the brilliant effect produced when it is peopled by a crowd so gay as that which was attracted by the novelty of the fountains. It would be hard to say where such an assemblage could have come from. The type was that to which we are accustomed at Chiswick *fêtes*, or in the Botanic Gardens—the only perceptible difference being that the numbers were ten times as great. There were all those bright eccentricities of costume which, till Sydenham arose, were to be seen only at Flower Shows; but, instead of being crushed into stifling tents, the particoloured crowd was scattered broadcast over the sunny slopes, and did more to give life to the landscape than even Sir Joseph Paxton's rhododendrons and azaleas. A little before the time at which her Majesty's arrival was expected, the greater part of the assemblage turned, with one consent, towards the rising ground at the foot of the gardens, which commands a full view of the lower basins, and adjoins the road along which the royal carriages were to pass. A very singular effect was produced at this time by the almost universal desire to appropriate the seats with which the Palace is so liberally supplied. All the refreshment rooms were despoiled in an instant of sitting accommodation, and the grounds were thronged with a marching regiment of chairs. Every one, at least of the stronger sex, was equipped with chairs on his shoulders, on his head, or under his arms; and it might have been imagined that a chair, in some shape or other, had been prescribed as a necessary part of the costume for the occasion. To those who quietly looked on from a distance at the throng, its appearance bore a ludicrous resemblance to a swarm of ants returning home, laden each with his shining grain of corn. It took but a short time for every one to settle down into a choice position, as there were acres of ground which looked full upon the lakes and the temples from which the fountains were about to play. Soon after five, the Queen's arrival was the signal for the commencement of the display.

The new fountains differ from those of the upper series, which are by this time familiar to most Londoners, not only in their enormous scale, but in their more complete artistic combination. The basins are so much larger than those on the middle and upper terraces that they admit of a more perfect arrangement of the different jets into a complete and symmetrical system. In the centre of each of the two principal pieces of water, arose a vast column of mingled water and spray, similar to that in the circular basin above, but towering to a considerably greater elevation. Four circular bays at the ends and sides of the long basins had each a very beautiful group of jets, surrounded by an intersecting net-work of water, formed by a countless host of smaller streams; and the whole surface was covered with minor pieces, very tastefully designed to connect the principal works into one complete picture. From a little distance, the grand jets looked like a mass of broken spray, as white as the clouds which lay behind; but, on approaching nearer, you might see, through the surrounding mist, the huge central column struggling and tearing through the smaller and less rapid streams around it, until it reached a height which has never been equalled by any fountains in the world. There was something almost life-like in the energy with which it sprang upwards, and seemed to drag the eye after it with an irresistible fascination, until at last it broke, and flung itself in masses of whirling foam into the waters below. Every change of sky, or alteration in the point of view, gave a new effect. At one point, the fountain and the clouds seemed to mingle into one—from another, the white water stood out relieved against a dark cloud, which, after threatening a shower, had opportunely sunk towards the northern horizon. Some of the smaller jets were very prettily embosomed in banks of foliage, and gained a beauty which it would be impossible to secure for a stream 200 feet high. At one point, the display was improved by a decoration which did not form part of the original design. The spray from the fountains had made the passage across the gardens a rather venturesome undertaking for ladies who loved dry feet; and it was soon discovered, that the easiest way to avoid the soaked grass was by making a path along the parapet of the ornamental water. When the example had once been set, it was generally followed, until the edge of the basin round the grand water column was fringed with an ever changing array of gay colours.

The success of the whole display was complete at every point, except that one of the water temples was scarcely able to keep pace with the more vigorous spouting of its fellow. In

fact, the more artificial parts of the arrangements—such as the temples, the steps, and the cascades—were the least effective. Nothing less than a river would have sufficed to carry out the idea contemplated in the formation of the miniature Niagaras which fall into the lower lake. It seems unreasonable to complain of a want of water, when six or eight engines, of 300-horse power, had been kept at work to fill reservoirs holding seven millions of gallons, and feeding nearly 12,000 jets, at the rate of 120,000 gallons per minute; but the extent of his resources seems to have led Sir Joseph into a miscalculation of their actual limits.

Two broad streams, at a slope of about one in ten, cannot be kept flowing in effective volume by any artificial means which have ever been devised, and the enormous floods that were poured over them failed to give them the intended appearance of torrents. They were, after all, very suggestive of the steps of St. Martin's Church in a thunder-storm—wetter, of course, but still only wet steps. Perhaps the overpowering grandeur of the lower system of works helped to dwarf by comparison the feeble cascades. With the latter, however, we were not much disappointed, for we never imagined that they could approach in beauty the most insignificant mountain stream; but the magnificence of the principal group of water decorations was far beyond any anticipation that we had formed, and it is to that—and not to the rather Cockney temples and their sloppy staircases—that the waterworks owe their charm. They have cost almost fabulous sums, but we believe the company will find that they will constitute an attraction more lasting than even the wonders of the interior of the Palace itself.

#### THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

AT the last Meeting of the Society, a paper was read *On Colour Blindness*, by William Pole, Esq. The author's object is to state his own case of colour blindness, which he believes to be one of the most decided on record—to compare it with others of the same kind—and to show that the general phenomena attending this defect of vision are more uniform and consistent, as well as more easy of explanation, than is generally supposed.

After stating reasons which justify a colour-blind person in undertaking the investigation and description of his own case, the author gives a preliminary statement of his views in regard to the general theory and nomenclature of colours, adopting the ordinary hypothesis that red, blue, and yellow, are the three primaries. Colour blindness may be described as of three kinds:—1. Inability to discern any colour except black and white. This is very rare. 2. Inability to discriminate between the nicer distinctions of colour. This is so common as to be apparently rather the rule than the exception. 3. The third variety is the only one at present treated of by the author. Its outward manifestation is the inability to distinguish between many of the colours most marked to normal eyes; and its most complete form is what is called dichromic vision—being total blindness to one of the three primary colours.

The description of a case of colour blindness may either be confined to the symptoms of the malady—that is, the effects it produces on the individual's judgment of colours—or to the sensation experienced. The first is the plan usually adopted, but the author combines both in the account of his own case. The symptoms are as follows:—Blue and yellow are perfectly distinguished, and are the only colours seen in the spectrum. Almost all colour-blind persons think they see red, but it is frequently confounded with green (the most common mistake), black, orange, yellow, brown, blue, and violet. Crimson and pink appear to have no relation to scarlet. Green is a most perplexing colour. It is not only confounded with red, but also with black, white or grey, orange, yellow, blue, violet, and brown. Violet is confounded with blue or grey, and orange with yellow. More difficulty is manifested with light or dark tones of compound colours than with full ones.

In explaining more accurately the real nature of the author's vision of colours, he states that his vision is perfectly *dichromic*. Blue and yellow he sees perfectly well, and he has no reason to doubt that his sensations of these two colours are the same as those of the normal-eyed. The third primary—red—is the one in regard to which his vision is defective; but the study of the sensations produced by this colour has been involved in some difficulty. Carmine, the artificial representative of what is usually considered fine red, presents to the author's eye a very positive sensation, which he long supposed to be a distinct colour; but on examining it more closely he found it to be merely a dark shade of yellow. In passing on to the green division of the colour circle, lying between the blue and yellow, the author calls attention to the apparent anomaly that, though colour-blind persons see blue and yellow perfectly well, their combination, green, should be so great a stumbling block. This fact appears to have perplexed everybody who has treated on the subject, excepting Sir John Herschel, who discovered that the equilibrium of blue and yellow produces green-white—that is, the white of the colour-blind is not white at all, but green. And this is consistent with theory, for if normal white be a combination of three elements, the invisibility of one of these elements to the colour-blind should naturally have the effect of changing the appearance of their compound. Since, therefore, green is only a colour to the normal-eyed as it is contrasted with white light, it becomes no colour at



all to the colour-blind. Thus the dichromic explanation of the author's vision is complete. He has only two sensations of colour properly so-called, namely, blue and yellow—all other hues in nature being reduced to shades of these.

The colours of light, or the hues resulting from their combination, may be called green, white, or grey, at pleasure. It is shown that this explanation of colour-blind vision will fully account for the whole of the varied symptoms above enumerated. Red and green, for example, are both seen only as shades of yellow; and if the yellow is of the same intensity in each, they will appear alike, and of course be confounded with each other.

The author then proceeds to consider how far his own case may be regarded as a type of the defect in general. The varied and incongruous nature of the symptoms has given rise to a belief that there are many varieties of colour-blindness, or at least many different degrees of it; but after carefully examining the published accounts, he has arrived at the conviction that the true dichromic affection is much more general than is commonly supposed. From the results of his investigations, he draws a few inferences in regard to the theory of the primary colours, although admitting his incompetence to deal fully with this part of the subject. He considers that, from the extreme simplicity of the phenomena of colours as seen by the colour-blind, their experience may serve as a stepping-stone to the more complex problems of normal vision. Their light is divisible into two colours, blue and yellow; and since these must be undoubtedly primaries to the colour-blind, it is reasonable to infer they should also be primaries in the normal system. The dichromic eye further becomes of use as an analyser of colours, and can detect the presence of blue or yellow in compounds whose elements may be inseparable to normal eyes.

The principal symptom of colour-blindness being the mistaking of red for green, and *vice versa*, it has been thought that the use of these colours for railway and ship signals becomes dangerous when colour-blind persons may have to observe them. The author points out that this danger may be obviated by very simple means. Red and green are not confounded with each other generally, but only such hues of them as lie in both cases on the yellow side of the neutral; and therefore if the green be made a blue-green, at the same time that the red is a yellow-red, they become quite as distinct to the colour-blind as to the normal-eyed.

#### DETECTION OF STRYCHNINE.

The following letter from Dr. Herapath to the Secretary of the Royal Society—*On the Detection of Strychnine by the formation of Iodo-strychnine*—was also read:—

Will you do me the favour to announce to the Royal Society that I have been engaged during some time past in the application of my discovery of the optical properties of iodo-strychnine to the detection of this alkaloid in medico-legal inquiries. I find it is perfectly possible to recognise the 10,000th part of a grain of strychnine in solutions by this method, even when experimenting on very minute quantities. In one experiment, I took 1-10,000th of a grain only, and having produced ten crystals of nearly equal size, of course each one possessing distinct and decided optical properties, could not represent more than the 1-10,000th part of a grain; in fact, it really represents much less, inasmuch as one portion of the strychnine is converted by substitution into a soluble hydriodate, and of course remains dissolved in the liquid.

Will you oblige me by getting this notice brought before the Society; as a new test for strychnine, at this juncture, possesses considerable interest, the colour tests having been so dubiously spoken of by toxicologists.

In order to operate in this experiment, it is merely necessary to use diluted spirit of wine about in the proportions of one part spirit to three of water as the solvent medium, and to employ the smallest possible quantity of the tincture of iodine as the re-agent, and after applying heat for a short time, to set it in repose. On spontaneous evaporation or cooling, the optical crystals deposit themselves, and may be recognised by the polarizing microscope.

I am, &c.,

W. B. HERAPATH.

## REVIEWS.

### THE FORTY-FIRST "FAUTEUIL."

THE Academy does not, it seems, exclude all the celebrities of France, and slam the door against Descartes and Pascal, Molière and Regnard, Jean Jacques and Beaumarchais. The assertion is a pure calumny from beginning to end—an ugly blunder of academic annalists such as Pellisson, D'Olivet, and D'Alembert. After a lapse of upwards of two centuries, M. Arsène Houssaye has made the important discovery that forty-one, and not forty, was the number of "fauteuils" instituted by the founders of the Académie Française; and further, that in this forty-first "fauteuil" have been seated, in succession, from the year 1635 downwards, most of those very worthies on account of whose alleged exclusion derision and invective have by turns been hurled at the Académie. To collect together the names of all the "Forty-firsts"—to hunt out the circumstances, the votes *pro* and *con*, which attended their election—to give, if not the very words, yet the substance of their *Discours de Réception*, or installation speeches—such was the design which M. Houssaye naturally formed after making so notable a discovery. The fruits of this design are contained in the work now before us. If the

reader should have the audacity to suspect that either we or M. Houssaye are guilty of a literary hoax, and are imposing upon his credulity or his ignorance, we beg to refer him to the *Secrétaire Perpetuel* for corroboration of our statement.

It might have been supposed that the motive which guided the selection of forty-one as the number of Academicians was either a superstitious preference for odd over even numbers, or else an unworthy apprehension of challenging comparison with the Forty Thieves. It appears, however, that neither of these hypotheses is correct. M. Houssaye informs us that, with that generous enthusiasm on behalf of genius and learning for which the Academy has always been so remarkable, the founders of the institution besought and obtained permission from Cardinal Richelieu to have an extra *fauteuil* for the special behoof of René Descartes. The Academy should be grateful to M. Houssaye for having added so largely to the lustre of their annals, by restoring that illustrious name to its proper place. In his opening speech, the great Forty-first recounted the path which his reason had trod, the adventures which had befallen it by the way, the wrappings of doubt it had had to encounter, and the goal which it had ultimately reached. He wound up as follows:—"Je suis parti, et je suis arrivé: à mon point de départ, j'ai dit, Je pense, donc je suis: voilà l'homme. A mi-chemin, j'ai dit, Nous traversons la Nature: donc la Nature existe. A mon point d'arrivée, j'ai dit, Dieu vit en nous: donc Dieu est. Voilà Dieu."

To Descartes succeeded the author of *Venceslas*—Rotrou—who, as M. Houssaye well observes, was the "aurora of the sun Corneille." To speak after the fashion of the Hibernians, the best action in his life was his death. Indeed, in spite of the reputation of *Venceslas* as a play, we might call it his best tragedy. For tragic it assuredly was. Hearing that an epidemic was raging at Dreux, his native town, where he held the functions of "Lieutenant Criminel," he hastened from Paris, where he was engaged in superintending the rehearsal of one of his plays, and as soon as he arrived at his destination, he wrote to his brother as follows:—"What a sight! what business had I yonder! the bell is tolling for the twenty-second person to-day: it will be my fate to-morrow, perhaps. But conscience has marked out my duty, so God's will be done!" And God willed that he should die, in the discharge of his duty.

Then came Gassendi, "the Lucretius in prose" of the seventeenth century—in combating the scholastic philosophy, the ally of Descartes—in physics and metaphysics, his opponent. His discussions with the author of the *Discours de la Méthode* are a model of polemical writing—so calm is the tone, so gentlemanlike the banter and the irony. His best works, however, are his disciples—Molière, De Conti, Bernier, Chapelle, and Cyrano de Bergerac. On Gassendi's death, Scarron found his way limping to take the philosopher's place in the Forty-first *Fauteuil*, but it was only by leaning on the arm of his wife. Whereupon M. Houssaye astutely observes—"Savoir bien faire choisir une femme, c'est déjà faire un pas vers la renommée"—or, as a Westmoreland proverb has it, "A man must ask his wife whether he may thrive." When requested to state what dowry he meant to give on his marriage, he replied, "Immortality! The names of the wives of kings die with themselves, but that of the *femme de Scarron* will live for ever!" True, but it will be changed into Madame de Maintenon. The next best thing after the *Roman Comique*—which may be considered the parent of *Gil Blas* and *Wilhelm Meister*—was his own epitaph:

Passants, ne fais pas de bruit,  
De crainte que je ne m'éveille,  
Car voilà la première nuit  
Que le pauvre Scarron sommeille.

A still greater honour, however, was to be reserved for Scarron. Preceded by Gassendi, he was followed by Pascal. Admirable are the few pages in which M. Houssaye enumerates some of the leading characteristics of Pascal's genius. In the *Discours de Réception*, the reader will recognise many of the *Pensées*. It was only meet that, in the chair which was left vacant by the author of the *Provinciales*, the author of *Tartuffe* should take his seat. "La comédie rit, mais elle pense." It has been recently observed that Pascal and Molière, in the seventeenth century, "acted the part of advanced sentries in the march of civilisation." To have called them pioneers would have been more correct. For certain it is, that gigantic obstacles to the progress of truth and justice, religion and piety, melted away before the power of their pens. We regret that M. Houssaye has not been able to give us Molière's speech, though we can fully appreciate the difficulty which must have attended such an undertaking.

The seventh occupant of the chair was the Cardinal de Retz—the man who became the Sallust of the Fronde, after aspiring to be its Catiline. "Relisons souvent Retz," says M. Houssaye, "et apprenons dans son livre l'art du style, plutôt que la science des révolutions." His pen is by turns the chisel of the sculptor and the tool of the engraver. How sharp the outline! how true the stroke! how deep the cut! We are the more surprised at finding La Rochefoucauld seated in the forty-first *fauteuil*, as Huet, in his *Mémoires*, relates that the author of the *Maximes* "refusait de se présenter à l'Académie parce qu'il craignait de parler en public." However, the reader must by this time be prepared for anything; so, having paid due respect to the author of the "Bible du royaume de Satan," as M. Houssaye very properly designates the *Maximes*, let us pass on to "Le Grand

\* *Histoire du 41<sup>ème</sup> Fauteuil de l'Académie Française*. Par Arsène Houssaye. Nouvelle édition. Considérablement augmentée. Paris: Hachette, 1856.

Arnauld." Great, indeed! not merely because his writings fill forty quarto volumes, but because the noblest virtues adorn his life. Great in word, he was yet greater in act. Assailed by all, from king and pope down to the ribald camp-followers of sectarian hosts, he kept alike his temper and his ground. "Rest! have we not eternity to rest in!" was his reply to Nicole, his fellow-soldier, when urged to cease from the warfare which to him was as the breath of life. The remarkable eulogium passed on him by D'Agnessenu in the *Instructions à son fils*, deserved to find a place in M. Houssaye's pages. And yet, in spite of his sterling worth as a champion of philosophy and a dialectic swordsman, we are forced to acknowledge with M. Houssaye:—"Quel silence aujourd'hui sur son tombeau! j'écoute et je n'entends rien que le bruit du vent dans les herbes."

That Arnauld should have been succeeded by Nicole, his comrade in arms, was only natural and fitting. But that a sensual epicure like St. Evremont should have occupied the same chair with these austere thinkers, shocks our moral sense. So, again, with Bourdaloue and Bayle, the two following occupants. What a strange contrast must such a succession have presented to the minds of their colleagues! The *prédicateur des rois, et le roi des prédicateurs*, resigning his chair to one who was never at ease but when he sat in the seat of the scornful! Next came Régnaud, the gay and rollicking author of the *Joueur* and the *Légataire*, and as he sat him down, Thalia gave an approving nod; but presently her eye fell on the bust of Molière, and the nod was succeeded by a shrug and a sigh. After Régnaud, we have no less a personage than the *Grand Monarque* himself. A royal actor, with Europe and the world for an audience, who could wield a pen as well as a sword, and eloquence which Bossuet did not disdain, was not unworthy, M. Houssaye contends, of a seat along with the illustrious Forty. The place of the king is taken by Malebranche. It is related that an English officer congratulated himself on being made prisoner by the French, because it would give him an opportunity of seeing Louis and Malebranche. He was not alone in the ardour of his curiosity. Men flocked from all parts of the world to have speech with the far-famed Oratorian, who in some points surpassed Descartes, and almost equalled Leibnitz, and who so "kept under his body" that, as M. Houssaye remarks, "avant de mourir il était tout âme." As if to compensate for this lack of flesh, the carnal author of the *Mémoires de Grammont* followed the mystical dreamer of the Oratoire.

We have now made our way through half the volume, having thus far fallen in with the author's design, in order that the reader might form an adequate idea of the tone and spirit in which the book is conceived. In spite of M. Houssaye's assertion to the contrary—"que le lecteur soit bien averti que je ne veux pas secouer devant ses yeux une gerbe d'épigrammes"—the *Histoire du 41<sup>ème</sup> Fauteuil* is a squib against the Académie; and the brilliant manner in which it is executed only shows that the author goes yet further astray from the truth when he adds,—"Il y a déjà longtemps qu'on n'est plus spirituel, en ayant de l'esprit contre l'Académie française." Indeed we should not greatly wonder if the talent he has shown in the work before us should hereafter contribute to gain him admission into the body that he now makes the butt of his wit. It is in the execution of sketchy portraits such as those contained in this volume that the writer's art is most conspicuously shown—an art not by any means to be held of light account, for it involves an almost unequalled amount of penetration to seize those special points, and features, and elements of character which give the key to the whole man. A touch, a stroke in excess, and the portrait is in danger of lapsing into the caricature. Of this danger M. Houssaye has kept singularly clear. The merit is all the greater in this particular case, because the tone of persiflage which forms the keynote to the whole volume was calculated to betray him into flights of exaggeration inconsistent with that truth of portraiture which, amid all his levity, is evidently the writer's aim. Critics of repute have found fault with the fantastic, dreamy extravagance of this book; and we have ourselves had reason to make a similar charge in this journal, with reference to another of M. Houssaye's works. But, as respects the *Histoire* before us, we are inclined to think that the writer's banter often contains a deeper meaning than the philosophy of his critics ever dreamed of. In fact, we challenge these objectors to name any work of similar dimensions from which the reader would carry away with him such a lively, and, in the main, accurate notion of the genius, the talent, and the character of upwards of fifty of the greatest celebrities in the history of French letters. If he will take the trouble of judging for himself by reading the book, and not content himself with our imperfect sketch of its contents, we think he will both understand the meaning and acknowledge the force of our remarks. While following the author through the early part of the volume, we did not feel ourselves called upon to skim off all the cream of his thoughts by borrowing the *ipsissima verba* in which he portrays the successive occupants of the Forty-first *Fauteuil*; so that no one need be afraid of passing from the review to the book itself with interest blunted, and freshness impaired. But when he reaches the conclusion of the volume—in particular, where M. Houssaye deals with men of the present century, with whose characters and tendencies we may be supposed to be more familiar than with those of older writers—we shall be surprised if the reader be not

driven, as it were instinctively, to recognise the portraitlike faithfulness of the writer's delineations. P. L. Courier, for example, Benjamin Constant, Jouffroy and Stendhal, Balzac and Lamennais, are all brought home to us with singular vigour and fidelity. The reason of this excellence we take to be that, by the absence of elaborate finish and intricate detail, the writer has allowed little to intervene between the first freshness of conception and the vigour of execution. It is precisely this circumstance which gives to the seemingly rude sketches of the great masters a value which is in nowise impaired by the juxtaposition of some of their more finished pictures, in which their conceptions are draped with all the appliances of perfect art. Especially do they deserve the name of great, because they have not allowed the drapery to smother the living idea beneath, or to conceal that sharpness of outline and vigour of conception which constituted the merit of the sketch. Whether M. Houssaye will ever reach this higher grade of perfection—whether he will pass on without stumbling from the sketch to the picture—is a matter which it were idle to discuss. But meanwhile, we hold that it would be both captious and ungracious to take advantage of a few slips and inaccuracies which a lynx-eyed criticism might detect, in order to throw into the background the undoubted fact that he has succeeded in "unsparring the spirit" of the writers of whom he treats, to an extent which deserves our warmest applause.

#### SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND.\*

LORD BYRON must have had a presentiment of this work when he wrote that famous line, now worn threadbare, touching the apples on the Dead Sea shore. The title of the book is tempting; but the contents are "all ashes to the taste." A more fertile topic than the social life of England under Elizabeth could scarcely be selected for illustration by a literary antiquary. The subject is rich, and the authorities are "as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa," and as accessible as the commonest sources of information in our language. We should have doubted the possibility of taking up such a theme without rendering it both interesting and instructive, if we had not read these volumes. We are bound in justice, however, to say that the failure is not an ordinary one. Mr. Thornbury has been at infinite pains to invest it with conspicuous peculiarities.

Why England under Elizabeth should be called *Shakespeare's England*, is a question which will puzzle some readers, and probably excite the curiosity of others. But Mr. Thornbury has his reasons; and they are quite as sound as any that can be assigned for adopting that eccentric orthography of the poet's name which Mr. Knight had the honour of introducing, to the useless disturbance of established custom and old associations. It appears, according to our author's discoveries, that Shakespeare, so far from having "exhausted worlds and then imagined new," got his materials at home, close under his hand, in London. His "characters are Elizabethan characters, and their manners Elizabethan manners." Mr. Thornbury meets them at every turn in the streets. Shylock, it seems, is a scrivener, and lives near St. Paul's. Sir Andrew Aguecheek and Master Slender are taken off by Dogberry and the watch, drunk, from the Three Cranes in the Vintry; and Autolycus is shouting ballads at the door of a playhouse in the Blackfriars. All the characters which we have hitherto regarded as original creations, reflecting the image of universal humanity, turn out, upon a nearer inspection, to be nothing more than types of familiar classes to be met everyday about town. Mercutio is a town gallant, and Benedict a court gallant. Falstaff is in one page a tavern-wit, in another a landlord, and in a third may be seen drinking burnt sack on the bench of an alehouse. Autolycus, who in one place is a ballad-singer, is detected elsewhere as a pedler. King John is only a controversial Protestant, Iago "a sceptic of the Reformation age," and "mad Lear the giant shadow of some Warwickshire idiot." As for the traits of race or nation, Shakespeare adopted the vulgar notions of the day. Sir Armado is merely the "conventional Spaniard," Evans the "conventional Welshman," and Shylock the "conventional Jew." Even "his articles of food," "his money," "his musical instruments," "his drinks and his ceremonies are pure Elizabethan. His "salutations"—such as "Save you!"—are "all phrases that might have been heard at Hampton Court or Theobald's"—or, Mr. Thornbury might have added, anywhere else under the sun. His scenery, "when it is individualized," (whatever that may mean,) as in *Venus and Adonis*, is Warwickshire scenery." His "forest scenes are recollections of Stratford Park," by which, we presume, Mr. Thornbury intends to designate Charlecote Park; but his "mountains and seas are abstractions, not drawn from observation," there being no mountains or seas in London. His incidents are tinged by the same inevitable *couleur locale*. Sir Andrew's challenge and Mercutio's death are daily occurrences "of a period when the duello was a science;" and Ophelia's death is simply "a village suicide."

Having made out his theory in this satisfactory manner, and shown that the range of Shakespeare's inspiration was bounded by the objects that actually came under his eyes, and that when he went beyond them he painted nothing better than abstractions,

\* *Shakespeare's England; or, Sketches of our Social History in the Reign of Elizabeth.* By G. W. Thornbury, author of the "History of the Buccaneers." 2 vols. London: Longmans.



Mr. Thornbury has no difficulty in tracing the poet's prejudices and opinions to surrounding influences. Thus, we learn that "Shakespeare's pure feudal aristocratic principles adored divine right, and looked upon a crown as a holy thing." Not having a very clear perception of the particular kind of principles here indicated, we forbear the expression of our surprise at the functions ascribed to them. Shakespeare's religious principles are equally mysterious. "In religion," says Mr. Thornbury, "though defiant of the Pope, he draws his priests generally as pious, self-denying, and sincere; his Protestant ministers, foolish, knavish, and servile." He "leans to Purgatory" in sundry places, "makes Portia kneel at wayside crosses," and derides the Puritans. Nevertheless, he is an ardent patriot, and has an "honest national contempt for Frenchmen." In minor matters of taste, he does not display any remarkable manifestation. He is "no great judge" of painting, but is always eloquent on music, and is well acquainted with flowers, especially "all sorts of lilies."

The reader will feel that these are rather inauspicious specimens of the species of entertainment to be derived from this book. But an author may be an execrable critic, and have only an indifferent knowledge of the art of putting the vernacular into intelligible sentences, and yet be a careful collector of curious facts. What shall be said of these volumes, however, if it be shown that the facts are still less to be trusted than the criticism—that they abound in blunders and misstatements, and that the whole structure of the work is calculated to stultify and mislead inquiry? It is neither history nor romance. It professes to found imaginary pictures upon authentic data, and it imports into the descriptions an endless variety of fictitious and fantastical details. Without drawing any distinction between veritable authorities and scurrilous satires—without distinguishing between the value to be attached to responsible statements and the rampant humours of the comedies of the day—Mr. Thornbury gathers up every scrap of current allusion he can procure, from Stow and Harrington to Nash and Ben Jonson—from the *Anatomic of Abuses* to the *Gull's Horn-Book*, and adopts them all indiscriminately. The consequence is an indescribable mixture of truth and fiction, so marvellous and intricate that it would require as large a space as the work itself fills to disentangle and separate them, and to correct the oversights, negligences, and egregious errors by which this mass of confusion is worse confounded. The misstatements, contradictions, and blunders are of an extent and variety quite unparalleled in any work pretending to veracity.

For example, in the second volume we have a sketch of the life of Shakespeare, nearly every single particular of which is wrong. At p. 39, it is stated that Shakespeare came to London in the year of the Armada—1588; and in the same paragraph, oblivious of that statement, Mr. Thornbury sends him up to London in 1589. Both dates are wrong. At p. 40, Shakespeare is said to have returned to end his days at Stratford in 1611, having lived thirty-four years in the metropolis; but if he came to London in 1588, and lived there thirty-four years, he could not have left it till 1622—six years after his death. The date of the retirement to Stratford is wrong by several years. Mr. Thornbury had previously informed us (p. 28) that in 1604 Shakespeare had been at least twelve years in London; but the date of the Armada would make it sixteen. At p. 39, Shakespeare is stated to have married at nineteen—he married at eighteen. Judith Shakespeare is married by Mr. Thornbury to a Warwickshire physician—she married Thomas Quiney, a vintner. Of Shakespeare's youth we are informed that "some think he was a scrivener's clerk, because, in *Hamlet*, he talks of 'quietus.' " Nobody ever thought anything so absurd. He was conjectured to have been a scrivener's clerk from the number of law phrases scattered through his plays, and from a personal allusion in one of Nash's *Tracts*. At p. 40, we learn that in three years [i.e., from the time he came to London,] he published *Venus and Adonis*, and became part proprietor of the *Globe*. *Venus and Adonis* was published in 1593, some seven or eight years after he had come to London, and there is no evidence of his proprietorship of the *Globe* till 1596. In the same page, Mr. Thornbury tells us that Shakespeare produced *Macbeth*, the *Tempest*, and other plays between 1611 and 1616. *Macbeth* was produced about 1606; the *Tempest*, acted in 1611, is supposed to have been one of his earliest plays; and he produced no play after 1611. A new fact is communicated in the same sentence respecting Shakespeare's death, which Mr. Thornbury informs his readers is supposed to have taken place suddenly from apoplexy. His wife is said to have survived him six years—she outlived him seven. Shakespeare is said to have had wit-combats with Ben Jonson at the Devil Tavern, in Fleet-street. Shakespeare was never in the Devil Tavern, and the wit-combats, as Mr. Thornbury may learn from Aubrey, took place elsewhere. King James, we are told, wrote him a complimentary letter with his own hand. This statement is evidently not an error of haste, for it is repeated at p. 62. The letter was not a letter of compliment, but of pardon for an offence, as may be ascertained by reference to Lintot, on whose authority the anecdote rests. Some of these blunders are trivial, though others are of material importance; and the marvel is how Mr. Thornbury contrived to compress so many errors into a couple of pages, containing less letter-press than the pages of an ordinary novel.

Following this remarkable epitome of the life, we are indulged with a commentary on the *Sonnets*. We will not trouble our

readers with Mr. Thornbury's theory about these poems, which is much less curious than his inaccuracies. At p. 57, he extracts a passage from the 120th Sonnet, and refers it to the 129th; and in the same page he misquotes from the 138th, and refers to the 137th. In p. 58, he extracts a passage from the 144th Sonnet, the meaning of which is perverted by false punctuation, and its purport left incomplete by the omission of an entire line. In the same page, he commits the complicated blunder of quoting from the 158th Sonnet a passage that belongs to the 152nd, overlooking the fact that there are only 154 in the whole collection.

It might be supposed that so loose and careless a writer (to speak leniently) must be in some degree conscious of his liability to mistakes, and that he would endeavour to avoid committing himself unnecessarily to details which required close verification. But Mr. Thornbury, like many other people, is rather proud of his most obvious infirmities, and goes out of his way to challenge criticism upon them. For this purpose he selects a particular year, 1604, and clusters together a number of contemporaneous incidents to "show the full virtues of the golden age of Elizabeth." Here, if anywhere, we might look for accuracy, the actual date being assigned to the special circumstances thus collected into one view. Let us see how these statements will bear the test of examination. We should apprise the reader that we are still in the second volume.

Mr. Thornbury tells us, p. 28, that in 1604 Shakespeare was "in the climax of his intellectual power;" and in p. 31, that "he will retire to Stratford in a few years." In 1604, he had completed his London career, and had already retired. Assuming as a matter of fact a conjecture raised on internal evidence, in itself by no means decisive of any particular date, Mr. Thornbury boldly asserts *Misogonus* to have been written in 1603, and to have been the first known English comedy. This mode of unsettling the authority of title-pages by giving to conjecture the validity of positive proof, cannot be too severely censured. It is in this way that multitudes of errors creep into literary history, and become transmitted, without examination, from one writer to another. At p. 29, Mr. Thornbury says, "Raleigh is writing random verses;" and at p. 30, "Raleigh is writing his *History of the World*." He was writing neither—for he was only just committed to the Tower, his wife obtaining permission to join him. At p. 29, we are told that "Daniel, late laureate, is superseded by Ben Jonson," who, at p. 31, is stated to be in prison. Daniel was only a "volunteer laureate," and Ben Jonson was not appointed laureate till 1619, the year of Daniel's death. At p. 30, we have Dekker satirizing Ben Jonson, and Marston quarrelling with him. The satirizing took place some three or four years before, and the quarrels were made up. Again, "Massinger has just left college, and is writing for the stage." Massinger did not leave college till two years afterwards, and there is no evidence of his having written for the stage for several years later. Again, "Middleton has not perhaps, begun to write." His *Earl of Chester* and *Blurt Master Constable* were printed two years before 1604. Again, "Hackluyt has published his travels." True; but not at this time—they were published six years before. At p. 31, we are told that "witty Corbet, the gardener's son, will soon wear the mitre." Corbet had not even entered holy orders in 1604, and did not wear the mitre for a quarter of a century afterwards. Again, "Thomas Fletcher is now twenty, and is busy at Cambridge, and perhaps already planning his *Purple Island*." The *Purple Island* was not written by Thomas, but by Phineas Fletcher, and was published in 1633; and its author was not twenty in 1604, in which year he took his bachelor's degree. Browne, the author of the *Pastorale*, we learn was a boy at school, and Harrington just born. Browne was not a boy at school in 1604, and Harrington was then 43 years old, and died eight years afterwards. But we need not expand the list of errata. These examples will suffice.

Of the miscellaneous blunders profusely dispersed through the work, take a few examples:—

In the very first page, Mr. Thornbury says that he is about to introduce us to the England of the sixteenth century, and he takes us, amongst other places of resort, to the Devil Tavern, which notoriously flourished in the seventeenth. This Devil Tavern figures prominently throughout, is sometimes called the Devil's Tavern, and is made contemporaneous with the Mermaid; but the following allusion to it is the most remarkable. Speaking of a countryman spending his money in town (l. 128) Mr. Thornbury says, "He will go to old Sir Simon the King, at the Devil in Fleet-street, or join the great club of wits at the Apollo." One would think that these were three taverns, or at all events, that the Devil and the Apollo were different houses. This, of course, is pure carelessness; for Mr. Thornbury must know that the Apollo was the club founded by Jonson at the Devil, and that Simon, supposed by Whalley to be the original of the old catch, was the waiter. At vol. i. p. 26, we read, "To-day, good old Bishop Jewel preaches at Paul's Cross to the aldermen; to-morrow the Queen visits the Tower, or comes to St. Paul's to return thanks for a victory over Spain." Bishop Jewel died in 1571, seventeen years before the victory over the Armada. At p. 51, we learn that watches came from Germany in 1584, and that watchmaking soon after became a trade of importance. At p. 106, we have a gallant taking out a pocket-watch. Pocket-watches were not invented for nearly a century later. At p. 107, the theatre opens at three—at vol. ii. p. 23, the play begins at "one

or two." At p. 143, describing the games at cards in vogue, we are informed that whist was of later introduction. It is specially mentioned by Taylor, the water poet (born in 1580), amongst the games of his time. Enumerating these games, Mr. Thornbury omits some of the principal ones,—Gresco, New Cut, Maw, Lodam, Noddy, Trump, La Volta, Bankerout, Crimp, Mount-Saint, Knave-out-of-doors, and others. Enumerating the table and dice games, backgammon and tick-tack are specified as different games, Mr. Thornbury being apparently ignorant that they are the same; and chess, tray-trip (supposed by Tyrwhitt to be a sort of draughts, but by Nares, with greater probability, to be played with dice), mum-chance, novum, and philosopher's games are omitted. At pp. 185-6, Mr. Thornbury twice quotes Saviolo's *Practice* as having been published in 1575, although it did not appear till twenty years afterwards; and at p. 199, he convicts himself of his own blunder, by printing the title-page in full with the correct date. At p. 163, he makes Tarleton sing a song and dance a jig at Banks' exhibition of the horse Morocco, which was scarcely foaled when Tarleton died. At p. 187, he says that Touchstone, in his description of the various forms of lies, "quotes Caranza"—which in two words involves two errors, for Touchstone does not quote any one, and it is Saviolo, and not Caranza, whose book Touchstone ridicules. At pp. 205-6, he misquotes Harrington's *Rules for Domestic Servants* (already reprinted in full by Drake). The fine for one servant striking another was 12*d.*, not 1*d.*; and it was not a follower of the cook, but any man going into the kitchen, that was fined 1*d.*; while the cook's fine, and the fine for leaving doors open—a piece of negligence which especially excited the ire of Swift—are omitted. In volume ii. p. 4, we have some strange mistakes about actors, not to speak of omissions. Kemp is represented as living before Heywood, and contemporaneous with him; and is made contemporaneous with Tarleton, whom he succeeded. We have also one Gabriel, an actor, unknown to the records of the stage. At p. 15, we are told that fox-glove grew in dry ditches about Piccadilly. Gerard, who is the authority for the fact, says it was bugloss. At p. 14, Mr. Thornbury confounds the brook called the Fleet with the Fleet Ditch, or river, and gives a description of it which is applicable to neither. At p. 30, we find Gresham discussing the prospects of Virginia. But Gresham died in 1579, and Virginia was not discovered till 1584.

It is to be expected that in a book chargeable with such inaccuracies as these, minor blemishes should abound. Accordingly, we find innumerable misprints, and a royal indifference to orthography in proper names. Thus Henry Machyn, whose diary was published a few years ago by the Camden Society, is spelt Meehyn; the horse Morocco, Morocco; the game of Put, Pult; Wilmeote, Wylmeote; Browne, of the *Pastorals*, Brown; Banks is alternated with Bankes; Hogsdon, Hockstone and Hoxton are spoken of as if they were different places; and the loaded dice, as well known by the name of Fulhams as the reason why they were called so, are here designated Fullams.

But we must dismiss this work, which has already engrossed much more consideration than it should have received at our hands, had we not considered it indispensable to the interests of literature to stamp its manifold errors with signal condemnation. We have not touched on its general worthlessness as a picture of the age of Elizabeth, which it represents in some places as the happiest and most prosperous period of our history, and in others as a saturnalia of rogues, scamps, and vagabonds. It is needless to pursue the subject any farther; and it will be enough to say that its representations of the manners, customs, or life of the people, are fortunately too chaotic to leave any distinct impression upon the minds of its readers. Mr. Thornbury states that his object in compiling his farrago was to furnish "a sort of key to Shakespeare"—what sort of key it is, we hope we have made clearly apparent.

#### CHASOT.\*

HISTORY is generally taken *en face*, and it reminds us occasionally of certain royal family pictures, where the centre is occupied by the king and queen, while their children are ranged on each side like organ-pipes, and the courtiers and ministers are grouped behind, according to their respective ranks. All the figures seem to stare at some imaginary spectator, who would require at least a hundred eyes to take in the whole of the assemblage. This place of the imaginary spectator falls generally to the lot of the historian, and of those who read great historical works; and perhaps this is inevitable. But it is refreshing to change this unsatisfactory position, and, instead of always looking straight in the faces of kings, and queens, and generals, and ministers, to catch, by a side-glance, a view of the times, as they appeared to men occupying a less central and less abstract position than that of the general historian. If we look at the Palace of Versailles from the terrace in front of the edifice, we are impressed with its broad magnificence, but we are soon tired, and all that is left in our memory is a vast expanse of windows, columns, statues, and wall. But let us retire to some of the *bosquets* on each side of the main avenue, and take a diagonal view of the great mansion of Louis XIV., and though we lose part of the palace, the whole picture gains in colour and life, and

it brings before our mind the figure of the great monarch himself, so fond of concealing part of his majestic stateliness under the shadow of those very groves where we are sitting.

It was a happy thought of M. Kurd von Schläzer to try a similar experiment with Frederic the Great, and to show him to us, not as the great king, looking history in the face, but as seen near and behind another person, for whom the author has felt so much sympathy as to make him the central figure of a very pretty historical picture. This person is Chasot. Frederic used to say of him, *C'est le matador de ma jeunesse*—a saying which is not found in Frederic's works, but which is nevertheless authentic. One of the chief magistrates of the old Hanseatic town of Lübeck, Syndicus Curtius—the father, we believe, of the two distinguished scholars, Ernst and Georg Curtius—was at school with the two sons of Chasot, and he remembers these royal words, when they were repeated in all the drawing-rooms of the city where Chasot spent many years of his life. Frederic's friendship for Chasot is well known, for there are two poems of the king addressed to this young favourite. They do not give a very high idea either of the poetical power of the monarch, or of the moral character of his friend; but they contain some manly and straightforward remarks, which make up for a great deal of shallow declamation. This young Chasot was a French nobleman, a fresh, chivalrous, buoyant nature—adventurous, careless, extravagant, brave, full of romance, happy with the happy, and galloping through life like a true cavalry officer. He met Frederic in 1734. Louis XV. had taken up the cause of Stanislas Leszcynski, king of Poland, his father-in-law, and Chasot served in the French army, which, under the Duke of Berwick, attacked Germany on the Rhine, in order to relieve Poland from the simultaneous pressure of Austria and Russia. He had the misfortune of killing a French officer in a duel, and was obliged to take refuge in the camp of the old Prince Eugene. Here, the young Prince of Prussia soon discovered the brilliant parts of the French nobleman, and when his father, Frederic William I., no longer allowed him to serve under Eugene, he asked Chasot to follow him to Prussia. The years from 1735 to 1740 were happy years for the prince, though he, no doubt, would have preferred taking an active part in the campaign. He writes to his sister:—

J'aurais répondu plus tôt, si je n'avais été très-affligé de ce que le roi ne veut pas me permettre d'aller en campagne. Je le lui ai demandé quatre fois, et lui ai rappelé la promesse qu'il m'en avait faite; mais point de nouvelle; il m'a dit qu'il avait des raisons très-cachées qui l'en empêchaient. Je le crois, car je suis persuadé qu'il ne les sait pas lui-même.

But, as he wished to be on good terms with his father, he stayed at home, and travelled about to inspect his future kingdom. "C'est un peu plus honnête qu'en Sibérie," he writes, "mais pas de beaucoup." Frederic, after his marriage, took up his abode in the Castle of Rheinsberg, near Neu-Ruppin, and it was here that he spent the happiest part of his existence. M. de Schläzer has described this period in the life of the king with great art; and he has pointed out how Frederic, while he seemed to live for nothing but pleasure, shooting, dancing, music, and poetry, was given at the same time to much more serious occupations, reading and composing works on history, strategy, and philosophy, and maturing plans which, when the time of their execution came, seemed to spring from his head full-grown and full-armed. He writes to his sister, the Markgravine of Baireuth, in 1737:—

Nous nous divertissons de rien, et n'avons aucun soin des choses de la vie qui la rendent désagréable et qui jettent du dégoût sur les plaisirs. Nous faisons la tragédie et la comédie, nous avons bal, mascarade, et musique à toute saute. Voilà un abrégé de nos amusements.

And again, he writes to his friend Suhm, at Petersburg:—

Nous allons représenter l'*Edipe* de Voltaire, dans lequel je ferai le héros de théâtre; j'ai choisi le rôle de Philoctète.

A similar account of the royal household at Rheinsberg is given by Bielfeld:—

C'est ainsi que les jours s'écoulaient ici dans une tranquillité assaisonnée de tous les plaisirs qui peuvent flatter une âme raisonnable. Chère de roi, vin des dieux, musique des anges, promenades délicieuses dans les jardins et dans les bois, parties sur l'eau, culture des lettres et des beaux-arts, conversation spirituelle, tout concourt à repandre dans ce palais enchanté des charmes sur la vie.

Frederic, however, was not a man to waste his time in mere pleasure. He shared in the revelries of his friends, but he was perhaps the only person at Rheinsberg who spent his evenings in reading Wolff's *Metaphysics*. And here let us remark, that this German prince, in order to read that work, was obliged to have the German translated into French by his friend Suhm, the Saxon minister at Petersburg. Chasot, who had no very definite duties to perform at Rheinsberg, was commissioned to copy Suhm's manuscript—nay, he was nearly driven to despair when he had to copy it a second time, because Frederic's monkey, Mimi, had set fire to the first copy. We have Frederic's opinion on Wolff's *Metaphysics*, in his *Works*, vol. i. p. 263:—

Les universités prospéraient en même temps. Halle et Francfort étaient fournies de savants professeurs: Thomarius, Gundling, Ludewig, Wolff, et Stryke tenaient le premier rang pour la célébrité et faisaient nombre de disciples. Wolff commenta l'ingénieux système de Leibnitz sur les monades, et noya dans un déluge de paroles, d'arguments, de corollaires, et de citations, quelques problèmes que Leibnitz avait jetés peut-être comme une amorce aux métaphysiciens. Le professeur de Halle écrivait laborieusement nombre de volumes, qui, au lieu de pouvoir instruire des hommes faits, servaient tout

\* Chasot: a Contribution to the History of Frederic the Great and his Time. By Kurd von Schläzer. Berlin. 1856.



au plus de catéchisme de didactique pour des enfants. Les monades ont mis aux prises les métaphysiciens et les géomètres d'Allemagne, et ils disputent encore sur la divisibilité de la matière.

In another place, however, he speaks of Wolff with greater respect, and acknowledges his influence in the German universities. Speaking of the reign of his father, he writes:—

Mais la faveur et les brigues remplissaient les chaires de professeurs dans les universités; les dévots, qui se mêlent de tout, acquièrent une part à la direction des universités; ils y persécutaient le bon sens, et surtout la classe des philosophes: Wolff fut exilé pour avoir déduit avec un ordre admirable les preuves sur l'existence de Dieu. La jeune noblesse qui se vouait aux armes, crût déroger en étudiant, et comme l'esprit humain donne toujours dans les excès, ils regardèrent l'ignorance comme un titre de mérite, et le savoir comme une pédanterie absurde.

During the same time, Frederic composed his *Refutation of Macchiavelli*, which was published in 1740, and read all over Europe; and, besides the gay parties of the Court, he organized the somewhat mysterious society of the *Ordre de Bayard*, of which his brothers, the Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, the Duke Wilhelm of Brunswick-Bevern, Keyserling, Fouqué, and Chasot, were members. Their meetings had reference to serious political matters, though Frederic himself was never initiated by his father into the secrets of Prussian policy till almost on his death-bed. The king died in 1740, and Frederic was suddenly called away from his studies and pleasures at Rheinsberg, to govern a rising kingdom which was watched with jealousy by all its neighbours. He describes his state of mind, shortly before the death of his father, in the following words:—

Vous pouvez bien juger que je suis assez tracassé dans la situation où je me trouve. On me laisse peu de repos, mais l'intérieur est tranquille, et je puis vous assurer que je n'ai jamais été plus philosophe qu'en cette occasion-ci. Je regarde avec des yeux d'indifférence tout ce qui m'attend, sans désirer la fortune ni la crainte, plein de compassion pour ceux qui souffrent, d'estime pour les honnêtes gens, et de tendresse pour mes amis.

As soon, however, as he had mastered his new position, the young king was again the patron of art, of science, of literature, and of social improvements of every kind. Voltaire had been written to, to organize a French theatre, when suddenly the news of the death of Charles VI., the Emperor of Germany, arrived at Berlin. How well Frederic understood what was to follow, we learn from a letter to Voltaire:—

Mon cher Voltaire—L'événement le moins prévu du monde m'empêche, pour cette fois, d'ouvrir mon âme à la vôtre comme d'ordinaire, et de bavarder comme je le voudrais. L'empereur est mort. Cette mort dérange toutes mes idées pacifiques, et je crois qu'il s'agira, au mois de juin, plutôt de poudre à canon, de soldats, de tranchées, que d'actrices, de ballets et de théâtre.

He was suffering from fever, and he adds:—

Je vais faire passer ma fièvre, car j'ai besoin de ma machine, et il en faut tirer à présent tout le parti possible.

Again he writes to Algarotti:—

Une bagatelle comme est la mort de l'empereur ne demande pas de grands mouvements. Tout était prévu, tout était arrangé. Ainsi il ne s'agit que d'exécuter des desseins que j'ai roulés depuis long temps dans ma tête.

We need not enter into the history of the first Silesian war; but we see clearly from these expressions, that the occupation of Silesia, which the house of Brandenburg claimed by right, had formed part of the policy of Prussia long before the death of the emperor; and the peace of Breslau, in 1742, realized a plan which had probably been the subject of many debates at Rheinsberg. During this first war, Chasot obtained the most brilliant success. At Mollwitz, he saved the life of the king; and the following account of this exploit was given to M. de Schlözer by members of Chasot's family:—An Austrian cavalry officer, with some of his men, rode up close to the king. Chasot was near. "Where is the king?" the officer shouted; and Chasot, perceiving the imminent danger, sprang forward, declared himself to be the king, and sustained for some time single-handed the most violent combat with the Austrian soldiers. At last he was rescued by his men, but not without having received a severe wound across his forehead. The king thanked him, and Voltaire afterwards celebrated his bravery in the following lines:—

Il me souvient encore de ce jour mémorable  
Où l'illustre Chasot, ce guerrier formidable,  
Sauva par sa valeur le plus grand de nos rois.  
O Prusse! élève un temple à ses fameux exploits.

Chasot soon rose to the rank of major, and received large pecuniary rewards from the king. The brightest event, however, of his life was still to come; and this was the battle of Hohenfriedberg, in 1745. In spite of Frederic's successes, his position before that engagement was extremely critical. Austria had concluded a treaty with England, Holland, and Saxony against Prussia. France declined to assist Frederic—Russia threatened to take part against him. On the 10th of April, the king wrote to his minister:—

La situation présente est aussi violente que désagréable. Mon parti est tout pris. S'il s'agit de se battre, nous le ferons en désespérés. Enfin, jamais crise n'a été plus grande que la mienne. Il faut laisser au temps de débrouiller cette fusée, et au destin, s'il y en a un, à décider de l'événement.

And again:—

J'ai jeté le bonnet pardessus les moulins; je me prépare à tous les événements qui peuvent m'arriver. Que la fortune me soit contraire ou favorable, cela ne m'abaissera ni m'enorgueillira; et s'il faut périr, ce sera avec gloire et l'épée à la main.

The decisive day arrived—"le jour le plus décisif de ma fortune." The night before the battle, the king said to the French

ambassador—"Les ennemis sont où je les voulais, et je les attaque demain;" and on the following day the battle of Hohenfriedberg was won. How Chasot distinguished himself, we may learn from Frederic's own description:—

Muse, dis-moi, comment en ces moments  
Chasot brilla, faisant voler des têtes,  
De maints uhlands faisant de vrais saquelettes,  
Et des hussards, devant lui s'échappant,  
Fendant les uns, les autres transperçant,  
Et, maniant sa flamberge tranchante,  
Mettait en fuite, et donnait l'épouvante  
Aux ennemis effarés et tremblants.  
Tel Jupiter est peint armé du foudre,  
Et tel Chasot réduit l'uhlan en poudre.

In his account of the battle, the king wrote:—

Action inouïe dans l'histoire, et dont le succès est dû aux Généraux Gessler et Schmettau, au Colonel Schwerin et au brave Major Chasot, dont la valeur et la conduite se sont fait connaître dans trois batailles également.

And in his *Histoire de mon Temps*, he wrote:—

Un fait aussi rare, aussi glorieux, mérite d'être écrit en lettres d'or dans les fastes prussiens. Le Général Schwerin, le Major Chasot et beaucoup d'officiers s'y firent un nom immortel.

How, then, is it that, in the later edition of Frederic's *Histoire de mon Temps*, the name of Chasot is erased? How is it that, during the whole of the Seven Years' War, Chasot is never mentioned? M. de Schlözer gives us a complete answer to this question, and we must say that Frederic did not behave well to the *matador de sa jeunesse*. Chasot had a duel with a Major Bronickowsky, in which his opponent was killed. So far as we can judge from the documents which M. Schlözer has obtained from Chasot's family, Chasot had been forced to fight; but the king believed that he had sought a quarrel with the Polish officer, and, though a court-martial found him not guilty, Frederic sent him to the fortress of Spandau. This was the first estrangement between Chasot and the king; and though after a time he was received again at court, the friendship between the king and the young nobleman who had saved his life, had received a rude shock.

Chasot spent the next few years in garrison at Treptow; and, though he was regularly invited by Frederic to be present at the great festivities at Berlin, he seems to have been a more constant visitor at the small court of the Duchess of Strelitz, not far from his garrison, than at Potsdam. The king employed him on a diplomatic mission, and in this also Chasot was successful. But notwithstanding the continuance of this friendly intercourse, both parties felt chilled, and the least misunderstanding was sure to lead to a rupture. The king, jealous perhaps of Chasot's frequent visits at Strelitz, and not satisfied with the drill of his regiment, expressed himself in strong terms about Chasot at a review in 1751. The latter asked for leave of absence, in order to return to his country and recruit his health. He had received fourteen wounds in the Prussian service, and his application could not be refused. There was another cause of complaint, on which Chasot seems to have expressed himself freely. He imagined that Frederic had not rewarded his services with sufficient liberality. He expressed himself in the following words:—

Je ne sais quel malheureux guignon poursuit le roi: mais ce guignon se reproduit dans tout ce que sa majesté entreprend ou ordonne. Toujours ses vues sont bonnes, ses plans sont sages, réfléchis et justes; et toujours les succès sont nuls ou très-imparfaits, et pourquoi? Toujours pour la même cause! parce qu'il manque un louis à l'exécution! un louis de plus, et tout irait à merveille. Son guignon veut que partout il retienne ce maudit louis; et tout se fait mal.

How far this is just, we are unable to say. Chasot was reckless about money, and whatever the king allowed him, he would always have wanted one louis more. But, on the other hand, Chasot was not the only person who complained of Frederic's parsimony; and the French proverb, "On ne peut pas travailler pour le roi de Prusse," probably owes its origin to the complaints of Frenchmen who flocked to Berlin at that time in great numbers, and returned home disappointed. Chasot went to France, where he was well received, and he soon sent an intimation to the king that he did not mean to return to Berlin. In 1752, his name was struck from the Prussian army-list. Frederic was offended, and the simultaneous loss of many friends, who either died or left his court, made him *de mauvaise humeur*. It is about this time that he writes to his sister:—

J'étudie beaucoup, et cela me soulage réellement; mais lorsque mon esprit fait des retours sur les temps passés, alors les plaies du cœur se rouvrent et je regrette inutilement les pertes que j'ai faites.

Chasot, however, soon returned to Germany, and, probably in order to be near the court of Strelitz, took up his abode in the old free town of Lübeck. He became a citizen of Lübeck in 1754, and in 1759 was made commander of its Militia. Here his life seems to have been very agreeable, and he was treated with great consideration and liberality. Chasot was still young, as he was born in 1716, and he now thought of marriage. This he accomplished in the following manner. There was at that time an artist of some celebrity at Lübeck—Stefano Torelli. He had a daughter whom he had left at Dresden to be educated, and whose portrait he carried about on his snuffbox. Chasot met him at dinner, saw the snuffbox, fell in love with the picture, and proposed to the father to marry his daughter Camilla. Camilla was sent for. She left Dresden, tra-

velled through the country, which was then occupied by Prussian troops, met the king in his camp, received his protection, arrived safe at Lübeck, and in the same year was married to Chasot. Frederic was then in the thick of the Seven Years' War, but Chasot, though he was again on friendly terms with the king, did not offer him his sword. He was too happy at Lübeck, with his Camilla, and he made himself useful to the king by sending him recruits. One of the recruits he offered was his son, and in a letter, April 8, 1760, we see the king accepting this young recruit in the most gracious terms:—

J'accepte volontiers, cher de Chasot, la recrue qui vous doit son être, et je serai parrain de l'enfant qui vous naîtra, au cas que ce soit un fils. Nous tuons les hommes, tandis que vous en faites.

It was a son, and Chasot writes—

Si ce garçon me ressemble, Sire, il n'aura pas une goutte de sang dans ses veines qui ne soit à vous.

M. de Schlözer, who is himself a native of Lübeck, has described the later years of Chasot's life in that city with great warmth and truthfulness. The diplomatic relations of the town with Russia and Denmark were not without interest at that time, because Peter III., formerly Duke of Holstein, had declared war against Denmark in order to substantiate his claims to the Danish crown. Chasot had actually the pleasure of fortifying Lübeck, and carrying on preparations for war on a small scale, till Peter was dethroned by his wife, Katherine. All this is told in a very comprehensive and luminous style; and it is not without regret that we find ourselves in the last chapter, where M. de Schlözer describes the last meetings of Chasot and Frederic in 1779, 1784, and 1785. Frederic had lost nearly all his friends, and he was delighted to see the *matador de sa jeunesse* once more. He writes:—

Une chose qui n'est presque arrivée qu'à moi est que j'ai perdu tous mes amis de cœur et mes anciennes connaissances; ce sont des plaies dont le cœur saigne long-temps, que la philosophie apaise, mais que sa main ne saurait guérir.

How pleasant for the king to find at least one man with whom he could talk of the old days of Rheinsberg—of Fraulein von Schack and Fraulein von Walmoden, of Cæsarian and Jordan, of Mimi and le Tourbillon! Chasot's two sons entered the Prussian service, though, in the manner in which they are received, we find Frederic again acting more as king than as friend. Chasot in 1784 was still as lively as ever, whereas the king was in bad health. The latter writes to his old friend:—"Si nous ne nous revoyons bientôt, nous ne nous reverrons jamais;" and when Chasot had arrived, Frederic writes to Prince Heinrich—"Chasot est venu ici de Lübeck; il ne parle que de mangeaille, de vins de Champagne, du Rhin, de Madère, de Hongrie, et du faîte de messieurs les marchands de la bourse de Lübeck."

Such was the last meeting of these two knights of the *Ordre de Bayard*. The king died in 1786, without seeing the approach of the revolutionary storm which was soon to upset the throne of the Bourbons. Chasot died in 1797. He began to write his memoirs in 1789, and it is to some of their fragments, which had been preserved by his family, and were handed over to M. Kurd de Schlözer, that we owe this delightful little book. Frederic the Great used to complain that Germans could not write history:—

Ce siècle ne produisit aucun bon historien. On chargea Teissier d'écrire l'histoire de Brandebourg: il en fit le panégyrique. Pufendorf écrivit la vie de Frédéric-Guillaume, et, pour ne rien omettre, il n'oublia ni ses clercs de chancellerie, ni ses valets de chambre dont il put recueillir les noms. Nos auteurs ont, ce me semble, toujours péché, faute de discerner les choses essentielles des accessoires, d'éclaircir les faits, de resserrer leur prose traînante et excessivement sujette aux inversions, aux nombreuses épithètes, et d'écrire en pédants plutôt qu'en hommes de génie.

We believe that Frederic would not have said this of a work like that of M. de Schlözer; and as to Chasot, it is not too much to say, that after the days of Mollwitz and Hohenfriedberg, the day on which M. de Schlözer undertook to write his biography was perhaps the most fortunate for his fame.

#### DR. CUMMING.

##### Second Notice.

WE attempted last week to give our readers some specimens of Dr. Cumming's learning and of his intellectual honesty. Honesty of argument is more closely connected than many persons are willing to acknowledge with honesty of a more ordinary description; and it is not a little remarkable that a man who can bear to deduce such awful conclusions as Dr. Cumming attempts to draw from such frivolous arguments as we specified last week, should owe his popularity almost entirely to the use which he makes of the labours of others, and that he should not see that there is any kind of moral objection to such a course of conduct. Dr. Cumming's most popular book bears the title of *Apocalyptic Sketches*. It is a small, thick volume, gaudily bound in blue and gold, and is now, as we learn from the publisher's advertisement, in its "sixteenth thousand." The whole book is taken from Mr. E. B. Elliott's *Horæ Apocalyptice*. It must not, however, be supposed that the appropriation is either concealed or denied. In the very first page of his *Sketches*, the author warns his readers of his intentions. He says, "I shall produce little that is original, less that is brilliant. I tell you candidly that I shall beg and borrow from the book of Mr. Elliott all that I can." He

might have added another word, not unusually associated with the two which he has actually used, and much more appropriate than the word "beg," for Dr. Cumming does not say that he ever asked Mr. Elliott's leave before he "borrowed" his book. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the *Apocalyptic Sketches* stand to the *Horæ Apocalyptice* in the relation in which a certain kind of review stands to the book reviewed. It is, in fact, neither more nor less than an unauthorized abridgement of Mr. Elliott's book, published for Dr. Cumming's profit and reputation.

The minuteness and system of Dr. Cumming's appropriations is perfectly astonishing. He steals arrangement, interpretation, language, quotations—even quotations from the Bible. Thus the chapter about the opening of the Seven Seals is simply an abridgement of Mr. Elliott's; and it has this peculiar dishonesty, that whereas everything, down to the quotations, is taken from that author, he is occasionally referred to as one of several authorities. Thus—"various theories have been given by way of explanation—the most celebrated are those of Cunningham and Elliott."—"A symbol which long perplexed apocalyptic commentators."—"Mr. Elliott alone seems to have reached the true solution." The obvious suggestion is, that though Dr. Cumming generally follows Mr. Elliott and consults his book, he looks upon him only as one amongst several commentators. In fact, Dr. Cumming has taken everything from Mr. Elliott. Thus Mr. Elliott says (i. 122), that the horse was a type of the Romans, that it was sacred to Mars, and that the Romans claimed to be the *Mavortia-proles*. Dr. Cumming says, "The Romans also called themselves *Gens Mavortia*, that is, the people of Mars, and the horse in their mythology was sacred to Mars." Dr. Cumming, in this lecture (*Apoc. Sk. Lect. iii.*), quotes Gibbon three times, Dion Cassius once, and Aurelius Victor once—every one of which quotations he makes on his own authority, and every one of which is stolen from Mr. Elliott. Indeed, the audacity of his conduct in this respect is perfectly monstrous. We open his pages quite at random, and we are always sure to find stolen goods. Thus (*Apoc. Sk.*, p. 177), "Gibbon, to whom I have so frequently referred, describes the state of that century in which we believe the witnesses gave their testimony, in the following words;" and then follow two quotations from Gibbon. We turn to that part of Mr. Elliott's book which refers to the prophecy on which Dr. Cumming is lecturing, and find (ii. 207) the same passages of Gibbon quoted in the very same words upon the very same subject. The next sentence in Mr. Elliott's book contains a quotation from Mosheim of five lines. The same quotation, with the exception of four immaterial words at the end, occurs in the same place in Dr. Cumming. It is disgraceful enough to steal at all; but to steal what it is disgraceful not to possess is doubly disgraceful. A clergyman ought to know his Bible; but Dr. Cumming gets even his Biblical quotations from Mr. Elliott. In his third lecture, to which we have already referred, he illustrates Rev. iv. 12—17 by a reference to Jer. iv. 23, 24, 28, 29, and to Hos. x.; and at p. 194, he illustrates Rev. xi. 12 by a reference to Is. xiv. 13. All of these are taken from Mr. Elliott, together with the substance of the context in which they occur. In another place (*Apocalyptic Sketches*, p. 184), Dr. Cumming says:—"One or two passages of this [the *Noble Lesson* of Peter Waldo] I copy from Mr. Faber's translation." In fact it is copied from a quotation from Mr. Faber's translation, made by Mr. Elliott, vol. ii. 350. We should only tire our readers by multiplying examples. Dr. Cumming lives upon other men's learning as distinctly as upon his own ignorance and audacity; and yet, ignorant and dishonest as he is, he has published between thirty and forty works of different kinds, and has obtained an amount of popularity and influence amongst a large class of disciples, which deserves to be remembered as one of the most curious of all modern commentaries upon the old text, *Populus vult decipi et decipitur*.

It may be asked, what end is to be answered by attacking Dr. Cumming? If he and his congregation are mutually satisfied, why should any one else interfere? We have no personal knowledge whatever of him or of his affairs. We look only at the influence which he exercises, and at the doctrine which he preaches; and we feel very strongly that such influence ought not to be exercised, nor such doctrine to be preached, by incompetent persons, without some kind of protest. Consider what is the doctrine preached by Dr. Cumming, and what are its obvious consequences. An enormous proportion of it consists of denunciations of the Papists, and announcements of the approach of the end of the world. It is not too much to say, that he is principally occupied in disseminating, as widely as possible, mutual distrust and indignation between two great religious communities, and in unsettling the minds of his own immediate flock in the pursuit of all their ordinary duties. We are far from saying that controversies between various Christian bodies can always be avoided, and we are far from wishing to express any opinion against the study of unfulfilled prophecy; but we do say that these are not themes to be handled lightly. They are not proper subjects for popular lectures, more especially when the lecturer is not only densely ignorant of what he professes to know, but knows nothing at all except at second-hand. Look at the moral aspect of such conduct as Dr. Cumming's. If the end of the world is not at hand, can anything be more dangerous and more mischievous than to flatter the natural tendency of mankind to superstition, by saying that it is, and to tickle their imaginations by elevating the most commonplace occurrences to



the dignity of portents? Dr. Cumming himself thinks it necessary constantly to warn his hearers that, even if the end of the world should be approaching, that circumstance ought to make no change in their conduct. He obviously, therefore, is of opinion that there is such a risk; and yet it is perfectly clear that he incurs the risk without any of the qualifications which could authorize him to do so. When a man of great learning, like Mr. Elliott, gives himself up to the study of the Apocalypse for many years, he has a right to his own opinion, and if he chooses to announce the approaching destruction of the world, he deserves, at least, respectful attention and a serious answer. But when a man claims to make such assertions on the strength of certain interpretations of the Greek Testament, in hopeless ignorance of Greek—and on the strength of the coincidence of history with prophecy, in equally hopeless ignorance both of history and of geography—it is impossible not to feel that he is guilty of a very grave offence against the most elementary principles of modesty and morality. It is no disgrace to a man to have no opinion about the meaning of the book of the Revelation, but it is a very great disgrace to him to be willing to take the risk of doing very serious harm, and propagating most dangerous errors on the strength of second-hand information. It is a precisely parallel case to medical quackery. A man devotes himself for many years to the study of some new medical discovery—let us say to hydrophobia. He publishes the result of his experience in a book of great science and research, containing, as such a book naturally would, some things calculated to amuse or excite ordinary unscientific readers; and thereupon another man, totally ignorant of the whole subject, picks out all the amusing parts of the book, connects them together with a quantity of flimsy rhetorical nonsense of his own, and obtains, with a considerable portion of mankind, the credit of being a great physician on the strength of his performance. There are numbers of people who care little enough about theology, but who are quite able to enjoy long stories dramatically got up about earthquakes and revolutions—just as there are not a few persons who, without any real knowledge of medicine, derive an unwholesome satisfaction from reading accounts of curious diseases and surgical operations. It is impossible to read Dr. Cumming's books without feeling that the writer knows that he is a quack. He compliments and flatters everybody, right and left—with the exception of the unfortunate Roman Catholics—by way of proving himself to be a man of general information. We subjoin a few specimens:—"I have no sympathy with the romance, I have as little with the novel [perhaps from the jealousy between two of a trade], but I think the newspaper of the nineteenth century is man unconsciously exclaiming—It is done;" and accordingly, Dr. Cumming's notion of criticism is to cut out every passage of the *Times* in which there is any such phrase as "this terrible convulsion," "this great crisis," "this moral earthquake," and to read it to his congregation as a fulfilment of the Apocalypse. Sir Archibald Alison's books are "intensely interesting," and abound in "philosophical and beautiful reflections." Louis Napoleon is the "sagacious and powerful ruler of France." Mr. Carlyle is an "acute observer and profound philosopher;" and the "perplexity of nations" is expounded to refer, amongst other things, to those "great systems of Administrative Reform" of which we have all heard rather more than enough. The most wonderful proofs of the emptiness and fundamental irreverence of his mind, are to be found in the ornaments of his style. We will conclude with a single specimen, merely remarking, that "no less than 16,000 copies" of the book in which it first occurs have been circulated, and that the author was so delighted with it that he repeated it almost verbatim in another publication—*The End*. "It is not the nervous system, it is not galvanism, it is not electricity, that gives its pulses to your heart. It is God. Your heart first beats, then it halts; again it beats, and then it halts; then it beats again, and then another pause. It seems to me, that during each pause that intervenes between each beat, your heart lifts itself up to God, and says, 'may I beat again?' and God says, 'another beat.' And it asks, 'may I beat again?' and God says, 'another beat still.'"

Surely a man who, claiming to address his fellow-creatures with authority upon the most awful topics, circulates enormous masses of original blunders and pilfered learning, connected and adorned with such tawdry nonsense as this, does as great an amount of injury to his neighbours as almost any single individual can do; for the direct tendency of his conduct is to bring contempt and discredit upon all that he professes to teach and to believe.

#### A SUMMER IN NORTHERN EUROPE.\*

IF any reader expects to find in Miss Bunbury's volumes new and life-like descriptions of the summers of Northern Europe, he will be grievously disappointed. There is a total absence of local colouring about the authoress's sketches; and what she tells us of the manners and customs of the people among whom she journeyed would, with very few exceptions, be almost equally applicable to the upper classes of any other country. Miss Bunbury more than once expresses her conviction that she will

be accused of book-making, though, at the same time, she naïvely asserts that it is a charge "always to her unintelligible." She will, therefore, not be surprised to hear that her conviction is well founded; for a great portion of her work has been compiled from Swedish histories, and it might as well have been entitled, *Incidents in the Life of Gustavus Vasa as A Summer in Northern Europe*. Of the burst of summer in those Northern regions Miss Bunbury has failed to convey any striking impression—possibly owing in some measure to her style, which is anything but simple and concise. For example, speaking of pine trees, she says that—

Ere the voice of Spring had come, the towering pines, the changeless firs, stood, as ever, solitary witnesses of the life and death of Nature, erect in fearless superiority, in cold, mournful, unenviable triumph; their stern heads uttering a homily over the lighter and lovelier things that had fed on sun-beams, and danced in warm air, and been admired and loved, and were dead, despised, trodden down—the victims of their own tenderness.

Alas! will our lady writers never be sufficiently alive to the beauty of simplicity of style to desist from indulging in such balderdash as this? And will an indulgent public for ever submit to read what might, perhaps, pass muster in the gushing effusions which a sentimental young lady, on her first introduction to foreign scenes, may be supposed to address to some favoured friend, but what, out of respect to common sense and propriety, ought never to be allowed to appear in print? Before reading Miss Bunbury's book, we fancied that we had some slight notion of the appearance of a Northern forest. But she has dissipated all our impressions, and given us nothing to supply their place, though she over and over again informs us that "the holly and ivy—dear old things!—are not seen there;" and twice, within the compass of ten pages, she reminds us that, "in summer, when open little glades occur, where the pale birch, the lady of the forest, waves her light arms among the dark, stolid spectators around, and dances its light boughs over the greensward, it is very pleasant." Miss Bunbury has certainly a bad memory, or else she fancies that her readers require to have certain facts and reflections which she may deem important—though we confess we do not—impressed over and over again upon their minds. Thus, in like manner as she repeats the above valuable piece of information about the birch trees, she tells us five or six times that the moon in the skies of Sweden "hangs her oblong form, not stuck like a flat patch against it, but clearly self-suspended in ether." The authoress deals with moral aphorisms in the same way as with facts. Twice in the first chapter we are told that "really brave hearts are always tender and kind, and cowardly ones, on the contrary, hard and cruel." Another peculiarity of Miss Bunbury's is a constant indulgence in such reflections as these:—"How little did I think, as I pencilled down such thoughts while passing the Gulf of Finland, that silence such as I described was soon to be broken by the roar of British guns!" Again she says, "The description and sentiments of that most pleasing writer, Sir H. K. Porter, who used to please me in childhood, here recurred to my memory. How little did I think that I should be, not only in the same scenes, but should see them under somewhat similar circumstances!" This sentence serves as a peg on which to hang a long extract from Sir H. K. Porter's work—after which the authoress, relapsing into herself, concludes thus:—"Bellona was not at my heels as I galloped down the hills, or drove through the dark forests of Finland; but little did I think that so soon Finland was to have her coasts battered by British ships of war." Now we all know that in this world nothing is certain except that nothing is certain; and therefore we conceive that Miss Bunbury performs a complete work of supererogation when she informs herself and us that she "little thought" that so-and-so was to happen.

By way of giving an airy kind of vivacity to her travels, Miss Bunbury introduces a goodly number of dialogues into her pages, which do not tend to raise our idea of the powers of conversation possessed by the Swedes. She also favours us with several romantic stories. Among others, there is one of a Russian countess, with a "pale still life," who has "spent the greater part of her life like Mariana in the *Moated Grange*." She only "said, my life is dreary." Having arrived at the most critical passage in her heroine's biography, she suddenly, and for no reason that we can divine, branches off into a description of the pleasures of driving in an open sledge, and then into a comparison between the Pyrenees and the Gulf of Bothnia.

There is, however, some interesting matter in the book. Some of the best portions relate to Miss Bunbury's travels in Dalecarlia; but previous travellers had already made us well acquainted with that portion of Sweden, and she does not add anything absolutely new to our stock of information respecting the province and its inhabitants. Of Wisby—a once rich and flourishing town on the island of Gothland, but now a mere heap of ruins, amidst which rise the staring red wooden houses of the present inhabitants—she gives an interesting sketch. Gothland, from her description, seems to abound in curious old churches, amongst which that of Dalhem is the oldest and the most beautiful. This church has fortunately escaped the whitewashing to which all the other public buildings on the island are more or less subjected—its east window of painted glass still remains, and its marble portals are untouched. The first object which Miss Bunbury was taken to see was the collection of portraits of deceased priests and their wives, which the Lutherans make a practice of hanging up in their churches. While she was at

\* *A Summer in Northern Europe: including Sketches in Sweden, Norway, Finland, the Åland Isles, Gothland.* By Selina Bunbury. 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1856.

Wisby, she attended a confirmation—a rite to which, according to her, much importance is attached in Sweden. It is obligatory on the people, not only by the force of opinion, but by the laws of the State, which forbid any one not possessed of a certificate from his parish priest, testifying that he has received the first communion consequent upon confirmation, from holding any office, or entering as an apprentice in any trade, or even from marrying. This certificate of confirmation is taken, Miss Bunbury goes on to say, by each person who removes from his or her parish; and besides this, are the priest's lines or certificate of character, without which the working classes are not sure of employment elsewhere, and by means of which a delinquent in one parish must be known in another. Such a system scarcely seems calculated to work well; and yet, after all, the "characters" which are given to servants in England amount to pretty much the same thing, while it is probable that the clergy in Sweden are as indulgent to the faults of their parishioners as English masters and mistresses are to the failings of their domestics.

On her journey from Stockholm to the North, Miss Bunbury was accompanied by a travelling companion, whom she thus amusingly describes:—

Every one knows the Baroness when she tells them who she is; and she has a wonderful facility in conveying that intelligence. There now is a portly Swede, enveloped in a tremendous winter cloak, with whom she has been conversing as a stranger might for the last fifteen minutes. Now comes the information. She is Friherrinnau M—; on which the Swede rises, pulls off his hat, and makes one bow and then she rises; and makes one curtsy, and then he makes one, two, or three bows, and she makes as many curtsies, and at last begs him to put on his hat, as the air on the water is dangerous; on which he bows again, and puts on his hat. And these self-presentations go on until it would be a matter of rather abstruse calculation to make out the number of bows and curtsies which my travelling companion has been the means of exhibiting on the deck of our steamer. Every now and then she comes and gives me some particulars of the private histories of our fellow-travellers. She knows I like information, and she is anxious to help me in procuring it. And as any fresh passengers join us, she starts off on a fresh tour of discovery, to find out who they are, where they come from, where they are going to, and all other interesting matters. The flicka or the stewardess is her resource when all channels of information fail. "Ack-flicka lilla, var så god." And then follow some confidential whispers, and presently I see Friherrinnau curtsying, and the new-comers, men or women, bowing or curtsying also.

It is a great pity that the Swedish ladies, who are so well versed in all that relates to the courtesies of life, should in one respect err so grievously as they appear to do:—

We have been accustomed (says Miss Bunbury) to exclaim against the French for their commonplace use of a sacred name, but the common exclamations of Sweden exceed anything I ever heard in any land, and these not on any extraordinary occasion, but in listening to the most trivial, the most ordinary occurrences. An old lady of my acquaintance, who prided herself on speaking English, was at such pains when she spoke to me, to translate into her discourse sundry terms which I suppose we should call oaths or swearing; and which, being long exploded from polite society in England, were now doubly painful for me to hear. But when I ventured to say this, and to request that she would leave such phrases as "Herre min Gud," "Herre Jesu," untranslated, the good lady quickly turned round on me, and asked if I wished her to use that most dreadful imprecation for which unhappy our nation has a historical celebrity.

It will have been seen from the foregoing extracts that Miss Bunbury can write well when she pleases; and we therefore the more regret that she should not, ere she committed her MS. to the press, have drawn her pen through every line of fine writing, and through all the extracts from the life of Gustavus Vasa with which her book abounds. She would thereby have condensed her work into one quarter of its present size; but she would have given us, if not what was new, at least what would have been pleasing and true.

#### LORD COCKBURN'S MEMORIALS OF HIS TIME.

##### Second Notice.

HALF a century ago, Scotland was almost as destitute of political liberty as Prussia and Austria are now. It was ruled by Lord Melville, who held the whole patronage of the kingdom in his power, dictated every measure affecting its interests, and enjoyed a position something like that of a Roman Proconsul, except that he did not even take the trouble to live in his province. The Judges were ready to commit a judicial murder whenever the Crown thought fit to prosecute for sedition. The clergy were illiberal, poor, and despised. Anything resembling piety, or an appeal to the feelings of the poor, was sternly and effectually repressed by those who had the right of presenting to the incumbencies; while the mean education and humble origin of the ministers excluded them from any influence, or even participation, in the society of the rich. The whole of the upper classes were filled with the most abject and unreasoning fear of the French Revolution. "A country gentleman," says Lord Cockburn, "with any public principle except devotion to Henry Dundas, was viewed as a wonder, or rather as a monster. A Whig was looked on as a papist was in the days of Titus Oates." The towns were governed by self-elected councils, rife with jobbery, narrow-minded, and arbitrary. A lip-loyalty rang on the tongues of all who aspired to rule, or who wished to enjoy what they had got—a loyalty which, far from denoting any strong feeling in favour of monarchy or the monarch, was mainly used as a test to determine the adhesion of individuals to the dominant system. Two elements of Scotch greatness alone survived—the reverence for family ties, and the peculiar broad and coarse humour of the country. There is always some salt

in a society, however rotten otherwise, where mothers are loved and fathers respected, and where the courage and geniality which are the unflinching attendants of humour still linger. But, politically speaking, Scotland was dead. It was recalled to life, its eminence restored, its vigour re-awakened, by a few young Whig lawyers, who, animated by the teaching and encouraged by the example of a few Edinburgh professors, devoted themselves to the regeneration of their country. Of these young lawyers Lord Cockburn was one; and if in abilities and influence not the greatest, yet his efforts were so much more continuous and more prolonged than those of the majority of the band, that, with the exception of Jeffrey, he may be said to have done more for Scotland than any other man of his day.

A few leaders of the old Whig party still remained, of whom Henry Erskine is the best known. They had handed down the torch of liberty through a stormy time; but the reward of their perseverance was to be reaped by the men of a younger generation. And at first the older liberals looked with suspicion, and perhaps jealousy, on their younger allies; but Brougham and Jeffrey, Horner and Cockburn, were too strong in natural gifts and the consciousness of power to give way either to their friends or their foes. The publication of the *Edinburgh Review* was their first challenge to the tyranny of public opinion. People read it, and said it was too good to last; but, quarter after quarter, it went on, brilliant, instructive, and hopeful. The writers had all been brought up in a hearty admiration and constant study of the writings of Adam Smith; and the traces of his economical theories are to be found wide and deep in the early pages of the *Edinburgh*. Political economy has been the most potent stimulant of liberal thought during the last half-century of English history, and an acquaintance with its doctrines was one of the chief causes of the success, both in literature and in public life, attained by the countrymen of Adam Smith. And the knowledge that, on a subject of great public importance, they were incomparably a-head of all opposed to them, must have given powerful support to men who braved the censure of the public, and of almost all their acquaintances and friends, by declaring themselves Whigs while Lord Melville still reigned. It is hardly credible to what a length the Tory despotism had gone, and how openly it attempted to rule and fetter all rising men. Lord Cockburn tells us, that when a young barrister was suspected of a leaning to Whig opinions, a written test was presented to him, and a refusal to subscribe it set a black mark on the recusant. The test was put to George Cranstoun, a noted and sturdy Liberal, by a celebrated Professor of Law acting for the Tory party. It was rejected; and Cranstoun found it convenient to leave the bar, and spend some time as an officer in a regiment of Irish cavalry. That a young man should be driven into exile, not for any offensive expression of his opinions, but simply because he refused to take a party pledge, is a striking proof of the degradation and servility of the Scotch society of the time, and may serve, more perhaps than any other single incident could do, to enable us to estimate the work undertaken and successfully carried out by the young Scotch Whigs. It seems so natural to us to live under a better state of things that we can scarcely do justice to those whose exertions have made our condition so much better than their own. There is also at this time a discredit attaching to the name of Whig, because those who in England have claimed to represent and lead the Whig party have failed as statesmen; but the Scotch Whigs—if that is the term by which we are to call these leaders in the struggle of independence—were men whom their country ought never to cease to honour, for they rescued it from shame and slavery.

The short interval of the Whig ministry in 1806, which was a purely accidental triumph, quite unconnected with the general policy of England, bore at least some good fruit, for it cheered the hopes of the liberals in Scotland, and damped the ardour of the Tories. It is one of the punishments of a successful despotism that its very success makes men look on the tenure of power as the sole title to enjoy power; and therefore every shock which it sustains makes an impression beyond its real importance on the body of time-servers. That the Whigs should really hold office—that they should have to give away all the good things of Government,—that there should be a Whig Lord Advocate—came like a thunderbolt on the supporters of Toryism. And then, to see Lord Melville impeached—Harry the Ninth, as he was called, King Harry of Scotland—to hear him accused of embezzlement, who was thought to dispose of the lives and fortunes of men as by Divine right—was to undergo the feeling with which a barbarian tribe sees their hugest idol made into a bonfire or ground into powder. The charge itself was absurd, and Lord Melville's reputation was never seriously assailed; but the Tories had seen for a moment the writing on the wall, and they could not go on feasting as before. Very soon after Lord Melville's impeachment, the young lawyers began to establish their position in the Parliament House; and as Lord Cockburn says, a very inadequate conception would be formed of the effect of their rise if it were supposed to be confined to the mere success of a few professional men. These lawyers represented a class, and this class consisted of all the younger men in Scotland to whom the prevailing intolerance was distasteful. And it is remarkable that the lessened sense of security among the Tories, and the inculcation of liberal opinions by the writings and speeches of the



Whigs, gradually lessened this intolerance; and in 1811, Edinburgh was startled by the promotion to the bench of a Whig lawyer, who received his judgeship from a Tory Government. A still greater surprise awaited the political gossips of the city, for in 1812 Sir John Dalrymple, afterwards Lord Stair, contested the metropolitan county of Mid-Lothian, which had immemorially been a mere appanage of the house of Dundas of Arniston, and he was within ten votes of being returned. To those who had eyes to see, the old order of things was fast passing away.

The display of vigour in political life is almost always accompanied by an increase of energy in other walks of thought and enterprise. The period that saw the virtual overthrow of the proconsular power of the Melvilles also witnessed the construction of many considerable public buildings in Edinburgh, the dawn of Scotch art, the division of the Court of Session, the establishment of the Commercial Bank, and the foundation of many valuable societies, such as the Horticultural Society, the Astronomical Institution, and the Society for the Suppression of Begging. Substantially, it was the same class of men who, in all these different ways, worked to the same end. In all, there was the same *vis inertia* to be overcome, the same kind of difficulties to be encountered. In the region of art, for instance—which may seem the furthest removed from that of politics—a great change was produced by the institution of the Exhibition. Artists, instead of being a dispersed, neglected, and despised body, began to have a recognised existence, and to find the mutual support of membership in a united body—thus gaining a position by which they powerfully acted on public opinion. All men who meet before the eyes of the world for the cultivation of any art or science exercise an influence counteracting, in some degree, the pressure of despotism; and it is in this way that astronomical, horticultural, or artistic societies, have a legitimate place in political history. So, too, the rise of the Commercial Bank marked the growth of the public mind. "No men," says Lord Cockburn, "were more devoid of public spirit, and even of the proper spirit of their trade, than the Old Edinburgh bankers; without talent, general knowledge, or any liberal objects, they were the conspicuous sycophants of existing power." They all combined banking with politics, and all their favours were reserved for the Tories. The Commercial Bank was expressly instituted to act simply as a trading establishment, and excluded all reference to politics. "Efforts, of which the virulence attested the necessity of the establishment, were made to crush it." But it prevailed, and its success was productive of the greatest benefit, as it moderated the illiberality of competing banks, and freed Edinburgh from their absolute control. In the Society for the Suppression of Begging, we may see the fruits of the political economy of the Edinburgh reviewers and their friends; and in the Lancastrian schools instituted about the same time, appear the first fruits of that honourable desire for spreading education which has always characterized the better portion of the Whig party.

It was one of the chief objects of the leaders of liberal opinion in Scotland to accustom the inhabitants of the metropolis to collect in public meetings; and as soon as the peace of 1814 relaxed the severity of opposition which the hatred and fear of Napoleon had fostered, a series of public meetings was begun, although at the outset probably without a distinct appreciation of the consequences to which they would lead. The first was held to consider the question of West Indian Slavery; and although emancipation was a measure more favoured by the Whigs than by their opponents, it could hardly be called a party measure, as the broadest principles of philanthropy and justice were involved. A meeting against the Income Tax followed, and in 1819 a dinner, at which two or three hundred persons were present, was held in honour of Burns. "This was long remembered as the first public dinner," Lord Cockburn says, "at which any of the Whigs of Edinburgh had spoken, and it was the immediate cause of the political dinners that soon after made such an impression." The first meeting in direct and avowed opposition to the Tory Government was held in December, 1820, and it was wonderfully successful. Lord Cockburn calculates that Edinburgh at that time contained 20,000 adult males, and of these 17,000 signed a petition, which proceeded from this meeting, praying for the dismissal of the King's Ministers. "Old Edinburgh was no more." On the 12th of January following, 500 persons assembled at a public dinner to celebrate Fox's birth-day, and Lord Cockburn thinks it worthy of note that on this occasion many of the ordinary trading citizens—a class that had previously shrunk from exposure—spoke, and gave expression to strong liberal opinions. It is curious to compare the account given by Lord Cockburn of this dinner with that of the mode in which Fox's birth-day was celebrated a quarter of a century before. Only a very few of the best Whigs could then be got to attend, or were wished for. "It was not safe to have many. Yet even the select, though rarely exceeding a dozen or two, were seldom allowed to assemble without sheriff's officers being sent to take down the names of those who entered." That twenty-five years should have seen so great a change may well be an encouragement to all who attempt to serve their country in the hour of difficulty. Perhaps when the third quarter of this century has expired, a change as great may have come over the face of society at Berlin.

The Tories attempted to stem the rising tide. The *Quarterly* was set up to oppose the *Edinburgh*; *Blackwood's Magazine* began in 1818 its outpourings of furious and libellous insolence; and in 1822 the *Sentinel*, a publication which threw such dis-

grace on the Tory party, was commenced under the auspices of Scott. The reckless personality of this paper led to the fatal duel in which Sir Alexander Boswell fell, and the circumstances that transpired in connexion with it did the party a deep injury, and must be considered a blot on the memory of Scott himself. He permitted and countenanced attacks which he knew to be unjustifiable, and, instead of elevating the tone of party warfare, he sanctioned the excesses of its malevolence and bitterness. After the failure of the *Sentinel*, and the triumph of the Fox dinner, the progress of the Whigs was unbroken. Every year the dinner was renewed with a large and respectable attendance. In 1823, a petition for a reform in the representation of Edinburgh was signed by 7000 householders, and was supported by the votes of 117 members in the House of Commons. In the years that followed, the advance of Scotland is merged in the advance of the whole empire—the influence of the Tories was everywhere visibly on the wane, and that of the Whigs on the increase. At length, the triumph of the advocates of the Reform Bill completed the political emancipation of Scotland, and called Jeffrey and Cockburn to the reward of their labours, their courage, and their perseverance. It is at this point in his career that Lord Cockburn terminates his *Memorials*, and thus concludes a book which we need not praise, for the notice of its contents is its best panegyric.

#### FRASER'S ESSAYS IN PHILOSOPHY.\*

THE Preface to this volume states, honestly and manfully, that it is published as an advertisement. Professor Fraser is a candidate for the Chair in the University of Edinburgh, vacated by the death of Sir William Hamilton. In the northern Universities, they manage matters differently from what they do at Oxford and Cambridge. The Professors at Edinburgh are appointed neither by the Crown, nor by Convocation, nor by Academical Boards, but by the Lord Provost and Town Council of the City—a mode of election which may possibly, like most others, have its "advantages and disadvantages," but which does not appear to have suggested itself to any English University Reformer. One immediate result is, that, as the Edinburgh Corporation are not supposed to be technically informed upon the whole circle of the sciences, they are, on each occasion, inundated with testimonials in favour of the several candidates. In addition to other vouchers, Professor Fraser very sensibly gives his own testimonial. He reprints his *Essays* on subjects connected with the studies over which the future Professor will have to preside. The Lord Provost and Town Council have only to read what Professor Fraser has to say about the *Insoluble Problem* and the *Metaphysics of Augustinianism*, and to judge for themselves. To publish a book with an indirect view to standing for a Professorship is no unusual practice in Oxford. We do not know whether it is usual in Edinburgh directly to say so in the preface, but we think it is decidedly the better way of the two.

The Edinburgh magistrates may very probably be better judges of logic and metaphysics than ourselves. They certainly have had more time to make up their minds as to the merits of Professor Fraser and his competitors. We do not profess to have read through the book. Under the circumstances of its publication, anything that we have to say about it must be said at once; and we certainly could not undertake to pronounce a mature judgment upon such abstruse points as are discussed in some of Professor Fraser's essays, until some time after Sir William Hamilton's successor shall have entered upon his Academical duties. But in the more cursory examination which is all that we have really been able to afford to the book, we discern several qualities in the author which give us a favourable impression of his qualifications both as a literary man and as a candidate for this particular office. We are not presuming to dictate to their high mightinesses of Edinburgh whom they should decide to promote. There may be candidates in the field of greater merit than Professor Fraser; and some there certainly are who, like him, enjoy a high reputation in the same walk of study. All we say is, that the present volume strikes us as having proceeded from one who, at least, would in no way dishonour their choice.

Without at all deciding for or against Professor Fraser's views on controverted metaphysical points, it is easy to discern from his book that he has risen superior to many temptations to which his position must have rendered him extremely liable. He is a Scotchman, a Scotch metaphysician, a Presbyterian minister, a Professor in a College of the Free Church. Englishmen commonly suppose that Scotchmen, especially when dealing with metaphysical subjects, are apt to be needlessly hard to be understood. They also commonly suppose that the Scotch Presbyterian system—that of the Free Church above all—has a great tendency to nourish a narrow and illiberal sectarianism. Either these notions are themselves mere illiberal prejudices, or else Professor Fraser is a happy exception to the bad effects of the system under which he has been brought up. His English—at all events in the less abstruse and technical parts—is clear and unaffected. A large part of some of the *Essays*—those, for instance, on *The*

\* *Essays in Philosophy*. By Alexander Campbell Fraser, M.A., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics, New College, Edinburgh. Edinburgh: Kennedy.

*Life and Philosophy of Leibnitz*, and on *Scottish Metaphysics*—may be read with pleasure by persons not specially conversant with abstract philosophy. And certainly no writings were ever more free from any narrow or sectarian spirit. Professor Fraser keeps clear alike of indifference and of bigotry. As a philosopher, he is eminently a Christian philosopher; but he is in no way a Free Church philosopher. He is not one of those divines who cannot touch upon a single point of philosophy, history, or literature, without viewing it through the distorted medium of their own theology and politics. We doubt not that he is firmly attached to his principles, but he does not drag them in, head and shoulders, where they are not wanted. He is singularly fair and dispassionate towards all parties and institutions. This character has eminently distinguished his management of the *North British Review*—the periodical to which the present *Essays* were contributed. If there have been any exceptions, they have been found in some articles relating to the English Universities—and still more in one or two where the affairs of the English Universities have been most irrelevantly dragged in. We remember that one contributor to the *North British* could not write on the *Literature of Modern Greece* without sneering throughout at the Oxford treatment of the literature of Ancient Greece. We were a little surprised at Professor Fraser's allowing the insertion of such an article, but we certainly find nothing of the kind in his own writings. Whenever he has occasion to mention the English Universities, he does so in the most respectful and cordial manner. One *Essay* is wholly devoted to the discussion of a work by a distinguished resident in Oxford, brought up under most opposite influences to those which have moulded Professor Fraser's habits of thought. We do not profess to have mastered his review of Mr. Mozley's work on *Augustinianism*; and we can see that he differs from him on many points; but we can also see that the discussion is everywhere carried on in the most friendly and honourable manner.

We looked especially, with the same view, to an *Essay* on a recently published metaphysical work by Professor Ferrier, of St. Andrews, who is one of Professor Fraser's competitors for the vacant office. How far Professor Ferrier wrote his book, and how far Professor Fraser reviewed it, with any designs upon the Professorship which then was not vacant, we do not profess to know. Still less do we profess to decide between two learned Scotchmen upon such abstruse points as the Institutes of Knowing and Being. We can see that the two Professors are far from agreeing, and that Fraser sometimes adopts a bantering tone towards Ferrier. But all seems quite fair and good-humoured, and certainly the *Essays* bear most marked testimony to many merits in the work of Professor Ferrier, however much the two philosophers may differ upon particular points.

The volume concludes with portions of an inaugural address by Professor Fraser to his class at New College, which is interesting to an English reader on several grounds. He contends ably and earnestly for the importance of oral professional teaching; but he adds these, for a Scotch academical official, very remarkable words:—"A perfect academical institution employs two orders of functionaries, or at least performs two functions. *It has a body of professors and a body of tutors.*" This exactly expresses the doctrine of the most moderate English University Reformers, who would neither wish professors to swallow up tutors, nor tutors to swallow up professors. The Scotch University system does not admit of a college tutor in the strict Oxford and Cambridge sense, nor of that collegiate discipline which Oxford and Cambridge tutors administer. But Professor Fraser seems fully to admit what the moderate party at Oxford contended for—the distinction between professorial and tutorial instruction, the necessity of maintaining both, and the evil of depreciating or setting aside either. We are certainly glad to receive such a testimony to the same opinion from so unexpected a quarter.

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